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THE REPUBLICAN.

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STATE COLLEGE BLAZE CAUSES $18,000 DAMAGE

Three Business Firms and Two Families Burned Out.

FIREMEN HAD BATTLE

Flames Discovered in Rear of Store Tuesday Morning Made Rapid Headway Despite Vigorous Efforts of Volunteers

A rather costly conflagration occurred at State College Tuesday morning about 3,30 o'clock when Charles Meyers and family and Mrs. Arthur Norris were compelled to escape through windows in order to save themselves from the ravages of the flames. Mr. Meyers was the proprietor of the barber shop in what was known as the Snyder block located on College avenue, close to the main enterance to the College grounds. In the same building was A. C. Longee's restaurant and the green grocery store of Snyder & Behrer. Mr Meyers resided alongside of his shop and early in the morning he was awakened by being strangled by smoke. He quickly made an investigation and to his horror found that the family was hemmed in by the flames, and the only exodus was through a window on the second floor. There was no time to secure anything and so they escaped with scanty clothing. Mrs. Arthur Norris, who kept house in the building, also had a narrow escape. The fire originated in the rear of Snyder & Behrer's store but the cause is not known. As soon as the alarm was made the State College Fire Co. was on the scene and did great work in saving the surrounding buildings and preventing a more costly fire. The building was so completely gutted out that what is standing will have to be torn down. On the third floor was a hall used by the Red Men and the Golden Eagles whose paraphernalia and other personal effects went up in smoke. The loss is estimated to be between $18,000 and $20,000 which was partially covered with insurance. Snyder & Behrer's loss is about $10,000 with something like $2500 insurance. At the time Mr. Snyder was in Huntingdon county on a fishing expedition. The property belonged to the M. D. Snyder estate and although a frame structure, was one of the most valuable at State College because of its prominent location. It will be replaced with a structure that will be up-to-date in every particular.

About the Steam Heat.

It is stated unofficially that the steam heating and gas plant in Bellefonte will be operated during the coming winter by a new company now being organized. A formal announcement on the subject may be made in the next few days.

Meanwhile plumbers inthe town are in work up to their necks trying to get our people in good trim for the approaching winter by putting in steam or hot water plants. Then Wilbur Twitmire and George Miller are busy trying to secure hot air plants. The time is coming when the Potter-Hoy Hardware Co., Olewine's store and Harvey Shaffer, the hardware man, will be busy putting out stoves. All kinds of heating apparatus is now at a premium and difficult to secure, and by the time winter turns in these gentlemen will have disposed of everything in this line.

At State College the State-Centre Electric Co., who furnished the heat for that community last year, run behind about $800.00. It was the intention of the company to let the steam heating proposition go by default the coming winter but the citizens got together and made an offer to the State-Centre Co. to pay 55 per cent more for heat than they had been paying and so the company heeded their request which will let them out about square when everything is paid.

Firem en's Festival.

Those who desire an evening of genuine enjoyment should make arrangements to attend the festival in Noll's grove at Pleasant Gap, on Saturday evening, August 11th. It will be held under the auspices of the Pleasant Gap Fire Co., who always give the people the worth of their money on occasions like this. At 6.30 o'clock there will be a big fantastic parade. During the evening music will be furnished by the Pleasant Gap band and a general good time is assured all those who can attend.

Marriage Licenses.

Register Frank Sasserman has issued the following marriage licenses.

Victor N. Holt,	Howard
Zelina Sullenberger	"
Geo. W. Harshberger,	Penna Furnace
Mabel R. Rhoads,	State College

Official List of First 152 Drafted to be Called in Centre County for New Army

Sheriff Yarnell, as chairman of the Exemption Board for Centre County, on Monday received the official list of draft numbers as shown at Washington and notices to appear for examination were at once prepared for the first 152 men on the list for this county. These notices will be mailed just as soon as Sheriff Yarnell is officially advised as to the number of men desired from Centre County for the first army. Unofficially it is said that the county's quota will be 62. If this is correct it is assumed that by calling in 152 men the desired number will be secured. This is a trifle higher than the government estimate of one out of every two being rejected for physical, industrial or dependency causes.

Dr. L. E. Kidder, of Boalsburg, has been appointed by Governor Brumbaugh as physician for the Exemption Board for Centre County. He succeeds Dr. Locke, of Bellefonte, resigned. Dr. W. J. Kurtz, of Howard, and Drs. Sebring and Reed, of Bellefonte, have been appointed to assist Dr. Kidder as occasion may require.

The official list of the first 152 men on the roll from this county varies but little from that published in the Republican last week. One error in last week's list was including the name of Linn Dougherty, of State College, draft number 831, in the first two hundred names. He officially appears in the eighty-fourth hundred of the whole number drawn at Washington. Another error was that Walter Edward Heaton, Moshannon, draft number 2738, was included. The proper number in that case should have been 2783, which is the draft number of Paul Clark Hartsock, of Port Matilda. No other errors appeared in the first 152 numbers and names. The official list of the first 152 to whom notices will be sent to appear for examination seven days after such notices are received, follows:

Serial No.	Name	Address	Order No.
258	Meyer Frederick Embich	Bellefonte	1
2522	Thomas George Diem	Osceola Mills R. F. D No. 2	2
458	Snyder Charles Ernest	Philipsburg	3
1436	Dearmit Clarence Eli	Warriorsmark	4
2624	Koblichik Andy	Clarence	5
854	GivenGuy C	State College	6
1894	Orner Alfred Lester	Monument	7
1878	Winslow Melvin	Blanchard	8
1095	Weaver John Henry	Bellefonte R F D No 4	9
2022	Hartsock Paul Clark	Port Matilda	10
1455	Luke Benjamin Harrison	Warriorsmark	11
783	Shaw Neil	Snow Shoe	12
1813	Beaty Robert Sylvester	Blanchard	13
2787	Lyons Peter	Bellefonte	14
1858	Miller Ellery Merrill	Howard R. F. D No 2	15
2389	Pielick Paul	Powelton	16
1752	Lucas Richard William	Howard	17
2494	Nyman Charles Edgar	Osceola Mills	18
3082	Swartz Lewis C	Hublersburg	19
1117	Curtin Harry Holter	Curtin	20
1572	Arney Charles F	Aaronsburg	21
2762	Vandes Milford	Moshannon	22
1748	Holter William Henry	Howard	23
2195	Blazosky John	Philipsburg	24
837	Ellis John	State College	25
2036	Stine William T	Benore	26
337	Schenck Vinton Ray	Howard	27
676	Plubell Joseph B	Philipsburg	28
275	Whiteman John	Centre Hall	29
509	Fleming Henry Predolph	Philipsburg	30
1185	Walker Lloyd Cornelius	Runville	31
564	Nelson Alton Paul	Philipsburg	32
2166	Brown James Fred	Centre Hall R F D	33
945	Parks Lytle Raymond	State College	34
1913	Decker James Williams	Nittany	35
596	Wade Wade Orie	Philipsburg	36
3067	Dietrich David Alton	Hublersburg	37
2620	Klapek Michael James	Kato	38
2936	Justice Homer Elvin	Bellefonte	39
1267	Reish Frank Edward	Oak Hall	40
2148	Kifer Clarence William	Spring Mills	41
536	Jacobs Bruce K	Clearfield 904 Dorey (or Dorsey) St	42
1495	Corman Elmer Hoy	Spring Mills	43
2453	Gates Paul	Osceola Mills	44
548	Lytle Robert	Philipsburg	45
126	Bowen William John	Bellefonte	46
3070	Dietrich Leslie J	Hublersburg	47
1679	Johnstonbaugh Alvin W	Linden Hall	48
1237	Hovner Harry Harrison	State College	49
784	Stouffer Elwood Thomas	Snow Shoe	50
1732	Bland John	Howard	51
755	Kelley Leo Henry	Snow Shoe	52
107	Walker Ivan	Bellefonte	53
1546	Immel George	Spring Mills	54
1563	Schaeffer Thomas Earl	Spring Mills	55
2099	Wingard Allen Robert	Coburn	56
1369	Crader Lewis Alfred	State College R F D No 1	57
2691	Seprish Martin	Clarence	58
616	Dunsmore John Lorsine	Philipsburg	59
313	Korman Charles Edgar	Milesburg	60
1676	Dale Henry Laurimore	Boalsburg	61
1266	Ratcliff Earl A	Bellefonte R F D No 4	62
1891	Miller Paul	Monument	63
775	Shaw John	Snow Shoe	64
2684	Rodgers James	Clarence	65
3159	Thompson Harold A	Port Matilda	66
486	Cowpher Harry Elliott	Philipsburg 125 Second St.	67
692	Todd F L	Philipsburg	68
600	Ziff Simon	Philipsburg	69
1986	Weber Clarence Reuben	Rebersburg	70
810	Benner Edwin Waddle	State College	71
1539	Hassenplug Willard Clayton	Spring Mills	72
2549	Bosock John	Clarence	73
1682	Keller Wilfred Nedson	Linden Hall	74
507	Finberg Samuel	Philipsburg	75
309	Bechdel Harry Irvin	Howard	76
437	Kanour Harry Hughes	Philipsburg	77
2967	Tenallis Sam	Bellefonte	78
1324	Russell John Ellis	Orviston	79
604	Askey Guy C	Philipsburg	80
43	Johnson Thomas William	Bellefonte	81
2181	Stover William R	Centre Hall R F D No 1	82
1763	Wentzell Charles Raymond	Howard	83
1548	Lingle John Coldren	Spring Mills	84
1264	Musser William Earl	Lemont	85
1066	Spicer Malcolm Lowry	Bellefonte	86
924	Martz Eric	State College	87
2455	Gakuboski Frank	Osceola Mills R F D No 2	88
2501	Parloski Leo	Osceola Mills	89
420	Dayon James Nelson	Philipsburg	90
1014	Lucas Boyd Lester	Fleming	91
1178	Shank Samuel Irvin	Milesburg	92
514	Gilbert Daniel B	Philipsburg	93
2374	Kiminski John	Powelton	94
483	Hess Frank Terence	Philipsburg	95
1329	Slavan James	Orviston	96
2945	Minemyer Fern Warren	Bellefonte	97
10	Casper Howard Leslie	Bellefonte	98
2725	Beals Orlando	Moshannon	99
2783	Lyons Edward Oscar	Bellefonte	100
2756	Watson Clayton James	Moshannon	101
2993	Walk Sylvester Rene	Port Matilda	102
1045	Holderman Harry Alvin	Bellefonte	103
1032	Benzie John	Bellefonte	104
1705	Reitz Fred D	Boalsburg	105
3149	Shaver George F	Martha	106
1331	Straneva Mike	Orviston	107
1685	Ralston Budd	Centre Hall	108
487	Cadwallader Frank Hecklin	Philipsburg	109
1282	Spicer Otto Edgar	State College	110
3090	Eby William Christ	Zion	111
1323	Rayson Harry	Orviston	112
1847	Holt Victor Newton	Howard R F D	113
797	Allman Jerome McCleary	State College	114
140	Corman Otto F	Bellefonte	115
2599	Heylmon Stanly Lewis	Clarence	116
1536	Goodhart Herbert Ross	Spring Mills	117
1922	Grove William Henry	Bellefonte	118
2952	Rosi Peter	Bellefonte	119
1723	Young Roland Carl	Boalsburg	120
2908	Brooks Douglas, Lemuel	Pleasant Gap	121
1779	Geyer William David	Julian	122
1236	Harlow Richard Cresson	State College	123
2247	Miller Frank James	Philipsburg	124
2011	Furst Carl Max	Port Matilda	125
432	Hess Ralph Frank	Philipsburg	126
2719	Yatchick George	Clarence	127
3053	McClure Kiner Curtis	Nittany	128
2962	Sager George	Bellefonte	129
18	Dale Arthur C	Bellefonte	130
652	McCune Thomas Harry	Philipsburg	131
927	Metzgar LeRoy K	State College	132
2568	Rumberger J Paul	Bellefonte R F D	133
1484	Vonada J Lee	Centre Hall	134
739	Burns John Robert	Snow Shoe	135
1751	Kelley John Henry	Howard	136
601	Ziff Victor	Philipsburg	137
3024	Kechner Harry I	Fleming	138
1322	Poorman Frank David	Orviston	139
1146	Emenhizer Charles Ellsworth	Milesburg	140
1103	Kessling Harry Frederick	Yarnell	141
2319	Joswick Emil	Munson	142
1395	Kirk Elisha Theophilus	State College	143
2479	Lauvich Effrin	Osceola Mills R F D	144
606	Bratton Conrad Bott	Philipsburg	145
182	Mott Basil Justis Fontenoy	Bellefonte	146
1771	Craig Robert Lincoln	Julian	147
513	Gallanis Nicholas J	Philipsburg	148
46	Kane Bernard	Bellefonte	149
1020	Rowan John Thompson	Fleming	150
1651	Gates William Burton	WarriorsMark	151
1099	Confer Claud	Howard	152

A VIOLENT STORM

Passed Over Bellefonte Thursday Doing Much Damage.

Thursday afternoon Bellefonte was visited with one of the most terrific electric storms in its history and considerable damage was done. A short time after the storm had broken over the town there was a violent clap of thunder and a blinding flash of lightning. The house occupied by Robert Thompson, in the Beaver-Hoy row along the State road leading to Milesburg, was struck by lightning and a large hole burned in the roof. Before the fire could be extinguished it had destroyed considerable wearing apparel and other articles in the attic. The electric fire alarm was out of commission because the electric power was turned off but the fire laddies were soon on the scene and extinguished the flames before they had gotten to the lower floors. The household goods on the first and second floors were damaged by water to the extent of several hundred dollars. The house and furniture were insured. The house in which D. I. Willard resides, on Thomas street, was also struck and the chimney knocked off. A few bricks were also knocked from G. M. Gamble's flouring mill. After the storm the employes of the State-Centre-Electric Co. had to get busy and worked until late at night trying to get their lines in working order. At Milesburg one of the large transformers was put out of commission and had to be sent to Pittsburgh for repairs. It cost, when in position, about $1400. Before it could be moved nine barrels of oil had to be taken from it. The electric company was in the market for a new transformer, but as the government had taken over the plant where they are made the only thing they could do was to make the needed repairs. It is very large and took some work to bring it to Bellefonte and place it on a car.

At the time of the storm a large crowd of people had assembled under the tent at the Chautauqua to listen to an address by Dr. Carolyn Geisel, of Battle Creek, Mich. She was compelled to stop about the middle of her discourse and wait until the storm was over. In the meantime the water from the hillside poured into the tent. The canvas leaked and umbrellas were brought into use and those without this convenience had to dodge the drops of water as they came through. It was really as good as a first class circus to sit and watch the performance.

Why bake bread in this hot weather when you can buy the regular 12c. size loaves for 9c. Cohen & Co.

Killed Big Rattlesnake.

Dr. J. J. Kilpatrick, of Bellefonte, on Tuesday evening killed a black diamond rattlesnake along the road in Huston gap, back of Medisonburg. The snake measured more than three feet and had seven rattles. It was remarkably thick through the body and particularly black. With Dr. Kilpatrick in his automobile were Robert F. Hunter and Benjamin Bradley. Dr. Kilpatrick observed the snake in the road some distance ahead of the car but supposed it was a blacksnake because it was so black. When the car got to where the snake was Dr. Kilpatrick quickly saw that it was a rattler. Jumping out of the car he threw several stones at the snake, but missed it. The rattler then started to run into the brush. The only club lying about was one eighteen inches long. Without thinking of the danger of fighting a large rattler with such a short club Dr. Kilpatrick went after the snake and finally killed it. The rattler was viewed by many persons at Beezer's garage later in the evening.

Thanks for Troop Gifts.

Captain H. Laird Curtin desires through the newspapers to extend the sincere and grateful appreciation of the men, his colleague-officers and himself for the sweaters, toilet cases and other gifts so generously made and contributed by various women's organizations and others throughout Centre County. It is Captain Curtin's thought that any attempt to single out the organizations or individuals for formal acknowledgment of the gifts in question might result in some unintentional failure to include all who have so splendidly aided in the cause of the comfort of the soldiers. Hence this form of acknowledgment of thanks from Troop L. The sweaters and other articles will come in mighty handy when the boys go to the front, and they want the contributors to know that they are deeply grateful.

A Dandy Water Barrel.

When Troop L goes to the front the members will have the convenience of an ample supply of drinking water at all times. Capt. Robert F. Hunter was desirous of doing something for the boys that would be of benefit to them when they are in service, and his observations in camp when he was a member of the National Guard suggested the improvising of a water barrel that could be shipped with the troop luggage from one point to another. He devoted considerable time and expense to the project, with the result that Troop L has a water barrel finer than anything of the kind available for the members heretofore.

DR. T. C. VAN TRIES DEAD AFTER BRIEF ILLNESS

Expired in Pittsburgh Hospital Wednesday Morning.

FUNERAL HERE FRIDAY

News of Death of Prominent Citizen Came as Surprise to Friends Few of Whom Knew of His Illness—Was Native of Town.

Dr. Thomas Campbell VanTries, one of the oldest and most highly respected citizens of Bellefonte, passed away Wednesday morning in the Mercy hospital, Pittsburgh. For several years he had been the victim of a physical breakdown caused from kidney trouble and other complications. During the last few years he had been spending much of his time traveling, going as far as the Pacific coast, and it was only several months ago that he returned from Cuba. While making the rounds he made it a point to visit everything of a historical nature and when he returned home he always gave to the public, through the county papers, much that was of interest during his travels. The latter part of May he left Bellefonte for Pittsburgh to visit his brother George VanTries. He was only there a short time until he went to the Mercy hospital where he was receiving medical attention. It is said that his death was due to a stroke of paralysis.

Deceased was the son of Samuel VanTries, who for years owned and occupied the residence on Spring street now the home of Walter Cohen. Dr Van Tries was born on a farm near Penns Cave and would have been 78 years of age in the coming January. From childhood he showed marks of more than ordinary ability and intelligence and while preferring ministry to other vocations he finally studied medicine. It is said he went first to Ann Arbor, Mich., and later graduated from the University of Pennsylvania. For years he practiced at Pennsylvania Furnace where he built a nice home.

After the death of his father he came to Bellefonte and only stayed a short time when he moved to Blairsville, Indiana county. After practicing there for a short time he returned to Bellefonte, where he since resided, but soon afterward abandoned his practice. He was married twice, his first wife being Miss Jennie Milliken, of Perry county, and his second wife was Miss Sarah Ellen Oliver, of Penns Furnace, both of whom preceded him to the grave. The deceased was a man of the highest integrity and honor, and a most genial, courteous gentleman. He was a member of the Presbyterian church and a marked characteristic of his life was his devotion to his religious duties, thereby setting an example worthy of emulation. Whether at church or the prayer meeting he was always found in his pew. He is survived by one son, Rev. William Potter VanTries, of Parkesburg, Chester county. He is also survived by a sister and a brother, Mrs. Louisa Harris, of Bellefonte and George VanTries, of Pittsburgh. The remains arrived here today and were taken to the home of Mrs. Louise Harris from where the funeral will be held Friday afternoon at 4 o'clock. Interment will be made in the tomb in the Union cemetery which he had made for himself about two years ago.

Automobile Accident.

One of the impossibilities, even in the twentieth century, is for two automobiles to pass each other on the same track. Friday morning Lloyd Samsel, of Axe Mann, was going to his work at the Whiterock quarries near Pleasant Gap. He was driving an Oakland and when in front of the home of Frank Gross he met another machine and was in the act of passing it when Earl Lambert, of Centre Hall, came along and he tried to pass the third man on the same side. Result was there was a head-on collision. The Oakland was broken beyond repair. The Ford, as usual, came out of the racket with only a wheel broken and the fenders torn off of one side. Both young men were pretty badly frightened and stunned but in a few minutes they were walking around the wreckage trying to figure out how it happened. Samsel had his nose skinned up a little but otherwise neither of them was injured.

Troop May Leave Sunday.

Troop L may receive orders to depart for a training camp on Saturday or Sunday, next. Thus far no official word has been received, but the prevailing belief at the armory is that the boys will be moving out by the end of the week.

BOAL TROOP ROSTER

It is Filled up by Men From Different Places.

Notwithstanding Captain Theodore Boal has been advanced to a position on Maj. General Clements staff, he has not lost interest in the company of his own inception. It has had just the opposite effect, that of making him stronger in the belief that with the money he has spent and the discipline given he has one of the strongest companies in the county which sooner or later will go after the Kaiser on French and probably German soil. It is natural that Captain Boal will keep his eagle eyes on the boys all through the great struggle as there is hardly any doubt but that they will be near enough to him to know what is going on.

The Boal Machine Gun Troop has been mustered into service as Troop K of the First Pennsylvania cavalry, with a full complement of officers and men. The troop is composed of ninety-two officers and men and in its make-up State College furnished 23 men, Philipsburg and vicinity 14, Milroy 12, Bellefonte 7, Clearfield 8, Pleasant Gap 5, Osceola Mills 4, Lewistown, Clarence, Snow Shoe, Rockview, Pine Grove Mills, and Houtzdale each two, and Harrisburg, Philadelphia, Lemont, Millheim, Riverside, Tusseyville and Boalsburg each one. Following is the complete list of officers and members:—

ROSTER MACHINE GUN TROOP 1st PA. CAVALRY.

Wilbur F. Leitzell, Captain
Joseph G. Butterworth, Lieutenant.
John F. Harvey, Lieutenant
Philip C. Shoemaker, First Sergeant
Ralph E. Kline, supply Sergeant
Joseph G. Hummer, mess Sergeant
Charles G. Getz, stable Sergeant
William G. Imboden, Sergeant
Charles G. Cruse, Sergeant
Ralph E. Heberling, Sergeant
Lawrence F. Snook, Sergeant
Robert W. Peters, Sergeant
Harry M. McMurtrie, Sergeant
John J. Johnstonbaugh, Sergeant.
Harris J. Holmes, Corporal
Louis A. Derbique Corporal
Joseph Plubell, Corporal
Bruce K. Jacobs, Corporal
Hayes M. Wilson, Corporal
Walter E. Kerstetter, cook
Alex Duez, horseshoer
Conrad Linstrum, horseshoer
Frank M. Shukree, saddler
Ivan M. Hollabaugh, mechanic
LeRoy Elder, mechanic
Lester A. Stevens, trumpeter
Roy H. Mingle, trumpter

PRIVATES FIRST CLASS.

Mike J. Boston
Ellis Gillette
Orvis S. Knarr
Albert R. Lucas
Mike S. Matty
William Raimondetta
Elmer E. Richner
Edward L. Taylor.

PRIVATES

Howard J. Ball
Willard W. Barratt
Darlington A. Brown
James A. Brown
Forest V. Cottle
James A. Dullen
Ralph I. Dunlap
Willard B. Eckle
Harry Estright
Harry Flaharty
Clay A. Fultz
Harold A. Gill
William E. Herto
Donald T. Hile
Edward G. Howie
Melvin E. Houser
James W. Houser
Daniel W. Hummel
Clarence O. Hunt
William J. Johnson
Wilbert J. Kerr
George Z. Kerstetter
Guy B. Kerstetter
Walter S. Kerstetter
Daniel A. Krumrine
George A. Louck
Edmund Lecerf
John T. McCullough
Andrew McGaughey
Blair R. Markle
Clayton S. Martz
Admiral D. Mencer
Percy P. Miller
Benjamin Milligan
Luther N. Nong
Harry E. Norris
Harry E. Osborne
Hyrle F. Packer
R. W. Pennypacker
D. M. Polkingham
Walter L. Poorman
Maurice A. Rauch
Charles W. Reed
Herbert L. Reed
Harry B. Russel
Fountain C. Shope
James L. Showden
George W. Sincox
George L. Smithers
Andy Soltis
Cyrus M. Stair
Victor M. Stinely
Andy Stofrn
Earl P. Swartzell
Charles H. Tressler
Anthony G. Wasson
John G. Watkins
Joseph Wells
Lawrence F. Woomer

Today Employes.

At present the P. R. R. has on its pay roll a total of 2,360 girls and women, the greater part of whom have been employed in the last two months. As to occupation, just see the different lines they are in: 77 signalwomen, 4 locomotive dispatchers, 19 station cleaners, 206 car cleaners, 2 draughtswomen, 134 messengers, 23 station agents, 1 ticket seller, 3 bureau of information attendants, 1 pump attendant, 42 operators, 2 machine hands, 5 upholsterers, 1 parcel room attendent, 12 drawbridge tenders, 18 storehouse attendants, 433 telephone operators, 84 matrons, 29 janitresses, 2 stewardesses, 78 stenographers, 1 cook and 1,102 clerks.

Constipation causes headache, indigestion, dizziness, drowsiness. For a mild, opening medicine, use Doan's Regulets. 30c. a box at all stores.

PICTURES OF HORROR AND SHAME

Diary of a French Girl Who was a War Slave.

It will probably be of interest to the readers of The Republican to read of some of the atrocitie now being perpetrated on the French girls by German soldiers whose malicious acts are more horrible than actual war.

A party of 40 French girls, returned by the Germans out of a total of 6,000 taken into virtual slavery from Lille and nearby territory, were premitted to make their way to Paris, because the Germans at Lille are afraid of the effect of their stories on the civilian population there.

Here are extracts from the diary of Yvonne Treville, one of the girls, the daughter of a physician of Lille, shown some consideration by the Germans because of his usefulness as a doctor to the people of his parish :

"Feb. 23.—Before I could answer the loud knock on my bedroom door it was burst open. A German soldier brushed past my mother, shouting : 'Get up and dress. You leave Lille in 20 minutes to plant potatoes in the Ardennes.' He did not leave the room and—well I dressed over my night clothes. Mother tried to shield me by pretending to help with my clothes, but she was weeping so bitterly she fell on the floor. Outside the other Germans lined up in the square and stared at me, saying 'Ach ! You have caught a pretty one, Fritz.' They laughed.

"Feb. 26.—It all happened only two days ago, not two years. But I am not 19 now. I am 30. The girls in the cattle truck with me were all classes. While we traveled through the night German soldiers moved about among us in the truck. I took the part of one girl, not educated as I had been, and dazed. But always I saw my mother's face, as it had been when the truck left. It seemed to be coming shapeless with grief. I may never see it again. But I shall always see it.

"March 10.—We have been in an empty house in an Ardennes village more than a week. Am I alive or dead—after that ! When taken to the headquarters, another empty house, the day after we came, the officers ordered me to strip. I was stunned. I was turned to stone, and could not move. Not in pity, but to save time he explained something about medical examination. And when I was naked the German doctor asked me questions and made tests I did not understand—then. I objected so much that girls later in line were treated more kindly.

"—— ——I had not seen the sign on the house where I am kept with five other girls, until this morning. In German it said 'Six women.' That is why these soldiers have come to look at us, and hint at insults. That is why we must never leave each other alone, but must stand together, with our backs to the wall, when these men come—— ——'What do you mean ?' I asked Eugenie, an artisan's daughter from our parish in Lille. My father was a doctor and ever watchful of me. When she told me what she had heard I understood too. The Germans had announced we were evil women. So the people would not take us in, and we had to live in the empty houses.

"April 3.—Eugenie has gone—— There was another medical examination two weeks ago——more insulting, more obscene than I had dreamed of. During it things were suggested——I kept from fainting only by remembering if I did faint, I might lose more than life. We were catallogued as 'good for anything,' We were so ashamed we went home by different streets.

"Eugenie has been gone from our house for a week——No wonder ! It is simple. It is easy. Poor girl ! She had had less training——If she has a son it will be sent to Germany to become at least a soldier——Awful. Some day her son might kill her own little brother, the little Eric she always talkes about.

Have Teeth Drawn to Evade Service.

Authorities of Lawrence county, near New Castle, Pa., are investigating a rare case of "slackerism," according to information which has leaked out. Two youths of conscription age are the alleged slackers, but their names have not been made public.

A constable of Pulaski township uncovered the attempt to evade military service, and it is expected definite action will be taken shortly.

According to the information which leaked out, the two alleged "slackers", after finding that their names were among the first drawn in the gigantic government lottery at Washington immediately went to a dentist and had all their teeth extracted, though the molars were in first class condition. It is said the men have been chuckling to themselves over their act and word reached the authorities in this way.

Oldest Odd Fellow.

The oldest Odd Fellow in the state is Josiah F. Ellsworth, of Williamsburg, who celebrated his ninetieth birthday anniversary recently.

Never can tell when you'll mash a finger or suffer a cut, bruise, burn or scald. Be prepared. Thousands rely on Dr. Thomas' Eclectic Oil. Your druggist sells it. 30. and 60c.

Joy Riders Come to Grief.

Robert Daton, aged 18, of Petersburg, Mildred Fonner, aged 19, of Allegheny Furnace, and Lee Wortons, of Port Matilda, members of a "jolly" motoring party, came to grief on the Hollidaysburg road Friday evening at eight o'clock, when the machine turned turtle, as it was about to enter the burg from the western end.

The motor was said to be going at a speed of fifty-six miles an hour. Had it been on a hill section or incline, the machine's turning would have resulted in death to all. Fortunately the car was going down grade, Wortons applying the emergency brake in time to avert more serious disaster, but not to keep the machine from going on its side.

The girl had her face badly bruised and lacerated. Daton bled freely from the nose but was otherwise uninjured. Wortons was cut over both arms, suffering a probable fracture of the right arm. The machine had its right rear wheel torn off, engine demolished and standards crushed.

County Officers of Red Cross.

The Red Cross work in Centre county under orders from the National body, has been centralized, so that in the future, State College, Bellefonte, Snow Shoe, etc., will each maintain a branch organization, each being strictly on an equality with the others.

The officers of this central body for this county are as follows :

Chairman, Dean Arthur Holmes, State College.

Vice Chairman, W. C. Snyder, Snow Shoe.

Secretary, Miss Della M. Clark, State College.

Treasurer, Charles M. McCurdy, Bellefonte.

In the new arrangement, the district controlled by the State College Branch includes the Halfmoon Valley, the Nittany Valley from and including Lemont, towards the West; and Penn's Valley.

Won a Scholarship.

William Mitchell, a son of Mr. and J. H. Mitchell, of Tyrone, had a distinct honor bestowed upon him Saturday morning when he received a letter from State Senator P. W. Snyder, of Hollidaysburg, that he had received the Blair-Huntingdon scholarship appointment to State College. The scholarship carries a four-year course in any department Mr. Mitchell desires to take up. The young man graduated last May from Conway Hall, Carlisle, and in order to further his education went after the Blair-Huntingdon scholarship at State.

WORRY DOES NO GOOD.

It Won't Bring You Health or Happiness or Another Job.

Worry is like a drug. It grows upon you. It gets to be a habit. It is insidious. It is dangerous. It is deadly. Worry saps the vitality. It makes you old. It brings wrinkles. It brings gray hairs. It brings ill health. Worry is an invention of the evil one.

You worry at the possibility of losing your work? Don't. You are suggesting unemployment to yourself. Suggestions frequently become realizations. If you suit your job and your job suits you why worry? Why think about it? Do your best in the position you occupy. Strive to do better, but don't worry because you appear to make no progress. All in good time. Nothing ever came by worry.

Should bad trade or such-like lead you to believe you may lose your position look out for another. If you do good, efficient work, as well as your competitor or better, why, you will probably secure just as good a position as the one you are worrying about.

You may be worrying over the health of a relation. What help will it be for you to worry yourself ill also? Is there reason or sense in it? Worry brings nothing good to pass, never did, never will.

Keep a brave front. Keep steadily on the march, whether you have any reserves to bring up or not. Why, if you forget the strain on your resources forget your problems, forget your anxieties for a time, you will find on reconsideration that a quarter, maybe half, have disappeared.

As a friend of ours says: "Do the work; let the other fellow do the worrying." You will find plenty of people in the world doing enough worrying for two. Don't you do it.—Exchange.

The Night Table.

The night table is not as well known in bedroom lore as it might be, I think. It is such a comfort to be able after going to bed to read by the light on the night table and to be able to stretch out a hand at midnight and switch this same light on. On the night table may be kept any of the little things which might in any possibility be needed during the night—a light, a clock, a carafe of drinking water, a book for a chance wakeful hour. —Washington Star.

Peace on Earth.

Peace on earth would mean the liberation of human faculties for the highest and noblest achievements of which human nature is capable. It would mean a splendid efflorescence of art, literature, science, philosophy and religion—in short, culture in its best sense as the spontaneous unfolding of the powers of personality.—David Jayne Hill in Century.

When baby suffers with eczema or some itching skin trouble, use Doan's Ointment. A little of it goes a long way and it is safe for children. 60c. a box at all stores.

SHIPS AND THEIR SIZE.

Why You Cannot Compare the Vessels According to Tonnage.

The different uses of tonnage terms when speaking of ships are causes of confusion to the lay mind, states Captain C. A. McAllister, engineer in chief, United States coast guard, in the Popular Science Monthly. For example, steamship companies in order to impress upon the traveling public the size and consequent relative safety of their craft will advertise the sailing of a certain steamer of 20,000 tons, meaning, of course, gross tons. The company's agent, in entering her at the custom house, will take great precaution to certify that she is of only 7,340 tons when paying tonnage taxes. He then is referring to her net tonnage, and, in fact, that standard is used only when paying dues or taxes.

Displacement tonnage is almost exclusively applied to warships, as they do not carry cargoes. Strange to say, the tonnage of a battleship varies almost hourly, as coal or other weighty objects are used or taken on board. The tonnage of warships is, however, fixed. They are referred to in terms of the fixed tonnage.

A statement that a 10,000 ton battleship sank a 10,000 ton merchant ship does not mean that the ships were of equal size. The merchant ship would be much the larger owing to the different meanings of the term "ton" as applied to the two types of vessels. It is absolutely impossible to give rules for the relations of these terms, as the conditions vary too greatly. Generally speaking, the gross tonnage of a ship is from 50 to 100 per cent greater than the net tonnage. Tons displacement are always in excess of tons gross. Deadweight tonnage is on an average from 30 to 50 per cent greater than gross tonnage.

THE BIBLE NEGLECTED.

Though Still the Best Seller, It Is Not Read as It Used to Be.

Although the Bible still leads all other best sellers, few read it. People still present Bibles to brides and grooms. People still present Bibles to children. Colporteurs still roam the country handing out Bibles among the villagers. Associations of devout enthusiasts still put Bibles in hotels. But the Bible is seldom read aloud in the home. And the type of American who daily reads his Bible in secret from a sense of duty is becoming more and more rare.

Quite apart from its moral and religious bearings, the neglect of the Bible involves a cultural handicap worth noting. It involves a cramping of the popular vocabulary, as no other literary masterpiece is such a well of English pure and undefiled. It involves a dulling of literary perceptions, as literature abounds in Biblical allusions which every reader of the Bible instantly understands, but which only readers of the Bible ever can. Finally it involves a failure to respond to many a good joke, as an astonishing percentage of the best quips are nothing more or less than Biblical allusions.

It is mainly useless, we realize, to propose a course of self enforced Bible reading for adults. We insist, however, that parents who want their children to get the most enjoyment out of life may well see to it that their children develop an acquaintance with the Bible. It is the basis of keen speech. It is the basis of intelligent reading. It is the basis of culture. And by culture we mean a capacity for enjoying the fine and beautiful things of this world and the capacity for producing some.—Chicago Tribune.

Fright and the Hair.

The hair does stand on end under certain conditions, because there is a little muscle down at the root of each hair that will make each hair stand up straight when this muscle pulls a certain way. It is difficult to say just how these muscles are caused to act in this way when we are frightened. We know that when thoroughly frightened our hair will sometimes stand straight up, and we know that it is this muscle at the root of each hair that makes it possible, says the Book of Wonders, but why it is that a big scare will make this muscle act this way we do not as yet know.

Platinum Retorts.

Platinum is used directly in the making of munitions of war and indirectly in all sorts of operations that are incidental to warlike operations.

To cite but one example, in the manufacture of cordite perfectly pure sulphuric acid has to be used, and sulphuric acid can only be perfectly purified in platinum retorts, each of which, by the way, represents a value of $50,000 to $75,000.

A Lot to Know.

When Disraeli was prime minister of England a good looking young man applied to him for a government position. "I know, sir," said the applicant wistfully, "how little I know."

"Dear me," said Disraeli, "as much as that? I haven't got half that distance yet."

Biting.

Spinks—What made him so annoyed? Winks—He told his wife she had no judgment, and she just looked over him critically from head to foot and said she was beginning to realize it.

Word From Br'er Williams.

Don't be in a hurry fer de long lane fer turn, fer de lion what's waitin' whar de turn is may be mighty hongry!—Atlanta Constitution.

Every shadow points to the sun, and sorrow helps us to appreciate happiness.

THE DISTRICT'S LATEST AND GREATEST

THE GREATER BLAIR FAIR 4 DAYS

AUGUST 7, 8, 9, 10

ALTOONA, PA.

ON THE NEW FAIR GROUNDS

EXCURSION RATES

FREE VAUDEVIL-FINE RACING-GOOD MUSIC

SOMETHING DOING EVERY MINUTE

CRYING FOR HELP

Lots of It in Bellefonte—But Daily Growing Less.

The kidneys often cry for help.

Not another organ in the whole body more delicately constructed;

Not one more important to health.

The kidneys are the filters of the blood.

When they fail the blood becomes foul and poisonous.

There can be no health where there is poisoned blood.

Backache is one of the frequent indications of kidney trouble.

It is often the kidneys' cry for help. Heed it.

Read what Doan's Kidney Pills have done for overworked kidneys.

Read what Doan's have done for Bellefonte people.

Mrs. J. T. Gordon, 130 E. Beaver St., Bellefonte, says : "I, and another of my family, found great benefit from Doan's Kidney Pills. We got them at Parrish's Drug Store. Our trouble was backache and a dull, constant ache through the loins. I was in misery at times and mornings was sore and lame. I dreaded to begin my housework. Doan's Kidney Pills made my kidneys normal and relieved the backache. I have had no return of the trouble since. Doan's Kidney Pills are all right."

Price 60c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—Get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mrs. Gordon had. Foster-Milburn Co., Mfgrs., Buffalo, N. Y.

Altoona's Big Fair.

"On to Altoona," is the slogan of the interested people of the district where is concerned the Greater Blair Fair, the great new agricultural event that is to be staged on the new fair grounds in that city on August 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th.

Some of the interesting things that will be seen and heard at the fair are the numerous and fine exhibits of the various state departments, an augmented display of agricultural and industrial exhibits, great stock and poultry shows, a mammoth auto show and one of the finest midways ever seen on any fair grounds.

As for the free attractions that are to be presented there never has been anything like it in this part of the State. There will be a great free vaudeville circus, with seven fine acts that are at once thrilling and funny; splendid racing programs daily and the music will be furnished by the best bands that are to be found in the district.

Exceptional opportunities are offered for attendance to the fair. Daily excursions by the Pennsylvania Railroad company, at greatly reduced rates, from every point in the district, and weather conditions at this early season should be ideal arguing for the greatest crowds that have ever attended an event of the kind. In addition to the attractions enumerated there will be the advantage that goes to the early fair, that of showing truck garden and berry products that are not at all possible at a later date.

No Separate District.

Contrary to the expectations of most of the citizens of Clinton county and particularly the attorneys the Supreme Court handed down a percuriam opinion of the Dauphin county court and declared that the law creating a separate judicial district of Clinton county was unconstitutional.

No sooner had the news reached that city than a number of aspirants for Associate Judge had their petitions headed and were procuring signatures. Predictions say that there will be at least a dozen.

The opinion of the Superior Court has not been published; possibly it has not been written, and will not be made public until the meeting in September. All that is known is that the court was unanimous in its decision and the opinion will be written later.

This is the procedure followed two years ago when the bill to annex Clinton county with Potter county was declared unconstitutional.

To feel strong, have good appetite and digestion, sleep soundly and enjoy life, use Burdock Blood bitters, the family system tonic. Price, $1.00.

CHICHESTER S PILLS

THE DIAMOND BRAND.
Ladies! Ask your Druggist for Chi-ches-ter's Diamond Brand Pills in Red and Gold metallic boxes, sealed with Blue Ribbon. Take no other. Buy of your Druggist. Ask for CHI-CHES-TER'S DIAMOND BRAND PILLS, for 35 years known as Best, Safest, Always Reliable

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE

DOLLARS SAVED

On all Guaranteed Make Tires

Sell us your worn out tires. Get circular No. 27P stating sizes and makes wanted.

Pittsburgh Tire & Rubber Brokerage Co
206 Market Street - PITTSBURGH PA.

HIS FIRST DEPOSIT.

Makes a young man feel like a different fellow He commences to feel that he has something. He has. A deposit in the Bellefonte Trust Co. means the beginning of a fund which may lead to fortune and certainly to old age comfort and independence.

Bellefonte Trust Company,

Allegheny Street Bellefonte, Pa.

The Message On the Back

Ruse of a Husband to Prove Point Disputed With Wife

By NELLIE CRAVEY GILLMORE

Copyright, by Nellie Cravey Gillmore.

Geraldine came home from the clubwoman's luncheon hot and cross, "ready for an argument," quoted of Billy, who figured peradventure as the lady's better half. Mainwaring was sitting, or, rather, sprawling, in one of the multifold lounging chairs that made comfortable the spacious veranda, his spiked feet raised opulently to the flowering banister rail.

Flung over his face as an impromptu guard against pertinacious insects was the latest comic weekly. His hands, long and brown and sinewy, gave combined attestation to the man's artistic temperament and a strong athletic susceptibility. On the floor beside him were some golf paraphernalia, a pitcher of ice water and half a dozen magazines.

Mrs. Mainwaring paused as she reached the top of the steps and regarded her sleeping spouse with a medley of emotions, depicted consecutively, upon her pretty, flushed face. Then a ripple of silent laughter passed over it, rendering her twice as enchanting as anything else could have done.

She tossed her long lace gloves, fan and cream chiffon parasol on a bench and tripped noiselessly up to her husband's chair. Lifting the paper a fraction, she stole a quick, cautious glance into the dark, relaxed features. He stirred vaguely. She waited a moment, then she looked again, and all at once it came to her that Mainwaring was a very handsome man, handsomer even than she had deemed him before he placed the wedding ring upon her finger.

His hair, black and fine and absolutely devoid of wave or crinkle, grew in a determined line high up on the square, bronzed forehead. The lashes, also straight, were somewhat lighter in shade, but so dense as to completely obscure that part of the cheek upon which they fell. Below a slightly prominent but well shaped nose his mouth revealed itself to be easily the best feature. It was neither too large nor too small, too thick nor too thin. It was not stubborn or even obstinate, but in a good natured, liberal way uncompromising to the last degree.

After a few minutes he sat up suddenly and tried to open his eyes, but ten pink tipped fingers checked their upward glance.

"So for once I've caught you napping!" Geraldine came round to the front of his chair and stood looking down at him with laughing accusation.

Mainwaring squared himself and blinked at the mottle of sunlight on the sycamores. "I'll swear I wasn't asleep," he protested, with a vigorous disregard for veracity. "I just had my eyes shut, that's all."

Geraldine nodded indulgently and sank down in an adjacent chair.

"I didn't know till today," she observed, drawing half a dozen implements of war from her hat, "that I had married a diplomat."

"Many thanks for the civility of the term. It is most becoming in—a diplomat's wife."

"What a nice idea!"

She had crossed her hands at the back of her head in an attitude of deep

"SO FOR ONCE I'VE CAUGHT YOU NAPPING!"

reflection, and the words came with absent enthusiasm.

Presently her face lighted and she broke into a little amused laugh. "Billy," she said, "you can't guess what is to be our next topic for discussion."

"What's the answer?"

"Don't be horrid, or—"

"I'll have to give it up."

"Just one guess," she insisted, with an uplifted forefinger.

"Is it the extermination of the automobile or—or Paul Jones' obituary?"

He lighted a cigar with luxurious deliberation.

Geraldine took up his words briskly. "Oh, if you can't—if you don't want to be serious," she flashed, "I"—

"Well?" he objected, with a half laugh. "If anything could be more serious"—

"That isn't the point at all," she interrupted, with a little impatient gesture, "and you know it. You are utterly aggravating and ridiculous, Billy!" she declared, with pink cheeks. Little pale gold wisps of hair had been loosened by the drive home in the wind and now blew about her soft, throbbing neck in bewitching restlessness. The fine veins in her temples pulsed with excitement, and her eyes, awhile ago gray, had deepened to black. Her lips, red and moist and vaguely tremulous, lost nothing by their sudden access of gravity as she went on:

"Waiving preliminaries, the subject is just this. 'Is love—romantic love, that is—a possible thing without jealousy?'"

Mainwaring stared at his wife oddly for an instant before he spoke. "Certainly not," he delivered authoritatively. After a second's silence he leaned over and imprisoned one of her hands in both his.

Mrs. Mainwaring pulled away from him impatiently. "I disagree with you," she remarked, with abrupt coldness.

"Oh, it is possible, of course, where no cause exists," he commented, with masculine complacence.

"That point necessitates a definition of the word 'cause.'"

"As a matter of fact, what would be ample and sufficient reason with one person might amount to so much wind with another."

"Jealousy is merely an acknowledgment of superiority in some one else," she submitted positively.

"In which event—a tribute to the delinquent one's good judgment, an essential tribute. I rather think your point of view is somewhat quixotic. There's no accounting for people's tastes, you know. I have seen them walk over pearls and take the stones."

"I don't see"—

"Let me illustrate. I once knew a man whose wife was beautiful and clever and good. He openly abandoned her society for that of another who was neither attractive, interesting nor in any way good."

"Possibly his wife bored him with her very perfections."

"She did not bore other men."

"And was she jealous?"

"In a proud, silent way I presume she was."

"Did she exert herself to hold her husband's love?"

"Most women who love men do, don't they?"

Geraldine made no response and for several minutes afterward was silent. Presently she suggested, "Perhaps, after all, if she was, as you say, clever she was not jealous of her husband's attachment."

"Geraldine!"

"Yes?"

"Just suppose now, for instance, that I—that I were—to"—

"Don't be absurd, Billy. We are not trying to get personal, are we?"

"That is the only way to arrive at correct conclusions."

"Personal applications are biasing," remarked Geraldine, with a sage look.

"They are vital, and they tell."

She laughed deliciously and tossed her head into one of its ravishing poises. "Then I am still determined to disagree with you on the original question," she said. "There is nothing that could make me jealous of you, Billy."

Mainwaring contemplated her with shadowed eyes. "Then I am very much afraid," he returned, in a dejected tone, "that you do not care for me in the right way, the real way."

"On the other hand, my dear, you ought to consider this the very highest compliment I could pay you"—a radiant smile broke across her face—"the sincerest evidence of my absolute love and trust," she added earnestly.

"But my dear girl," he protested in a surprised tone, "women like to feel that their husbands are jealously inclined; men like to think that their wives are—'cause' counted out."

Geraldine bridled. "That I consider a most vulgar statement," she flared, "and it does not in the least alter my views, to which I mean to adhere strictly, whatever comes—or goes."

Mainwaring rose, stretched himself resignedly and stalked to the end of the veranda. When he came back Geraldine had fled. He pondered a moment, during which his face underwent a succession of panoramic changes. Finally he drew from his pocket a small memorandum book and fountain pen. This is what he wrote:

My Dearest Daphne (the name sounded well, he thought)—I am longing fiercely for a sight of your sweet face. Excuse haste and drop me a line by return mail saying when. Ever your own

BILLY BOY.

He reread the lines with an inspired expression, then turned the leaf over and scribbled something across the back of it. Afterward he took a careful inventory of surroundings and, stooping, placed the paper, face up, on the floor.

Ten minutes later, when Mrs. Mainwaring returned to the porch, her husband had re-ensconced himself in his reclining chair and was snoring lustily.

"Upon my word," she began, with a touch of indignation, when her glance fell upon the paper at her feet. She picked it up with some curiosity, the pupils of her eyes darkening and dilating till they extended almost to the rims of the gray irises as she caught a glimpse of the address in her husband's unmistakable handwriting.

She read the lines through three times, first with naked incredulity, then with rising resentment and finally with deadly deliberation. She paled, flushed and paled again till her lips even looked white.

For several seconds she neither took breath nor moved. Something cold and hard and terrible seemed closing about her throat, choking the very life out of her.

At this juncture Mainwaring came to life suddenly.

"Good gracious!" he cried, jerking himself to a sitting posture. "One would think you had seen a ghost, Geraldine."

"I have seen worse than a ghost," she returned, her voice tense, but controlled.

"Worse than"— His lips twitched as he struggled frantically for poise.

"I have seen this!" she broke out with sudden passion, one hand, in which lay a crushed bit of paper, extended tragically.

Mainwaring shot up out of his chair and came quickly to her side. "Let me see it," he said, with quiet insist-

"I HAVE SEEN WORSE THAN A GHOST," SHE RETURNED, HER VOICE TENSE, BUT CONTROLLED.

ence, loosening her fingers with suddenly cold, unsteady hands. Smoothing out the paper, he scanned the words with blood burned cheeks.

"Well?"

They looked at each other for one unutterable minute, and silence seemed to suffocate them both till the woman broke it sharply.

"Now tell me everything," she said in a concentrated tone of voice that fought hard to eliminate all trace of weakness.

And then, to the consternation of Geraldine, Mainwaring did a most remarkable thing. He laughed till he had to hold his side, after which he turned and took her fiercely in his arms. "Billy, how—how dare you!"

Mainwaring relaxed his embrace, his lips still smiling. His eyes bore an oddly triumphant look. "Turn the paper over," he commanded, "and see what is written on the other side."

She obeyed meekly. All power of resistance seemed vanished. She read:

Dearest Geraldine—This is simply by way of experiment—as a means of proving to you that you are no different from other people.

BILLY.

Geraldine turned to him indignantly, compelling his eyes by the rising challenge in her own. "I would not have dreamed," she commenced frigidly, "that—that"— Her voice weakened helplessly, her eyes filled with irresistible tears, and she collapsed limply in his arms.

"Oh, Billy!" she sobbed.

Trees and Lightning.

No particular species of tree is more susceptible to lightning stroke than any other except in so far as the species determines the height of the tree, according to the Kansas state forester. From early times there has been a belief that certain trees more than others are likely to be struck. The leaves of the laurel or bay tree were worn by ancient peoples both as a symbol of victory and as a protection from the lightning of the gods. In some parts of the United States the aspen is considered immune, in others the beech. An old proverb gives this warning: "Avoid the oak, flee from the spruce, but seek the beech." Laboratory experiments have proved that electric conductivity depends upon the water content of the wood. When absolutely dry it shows no effect, but when moistened the wood becomes a conductor. The reavy rain that usually accompanies a thunderstorm will make any tree an excellent conductor.

First Recorded Alimony.

An Egyptian mummy now in London was wrapped in papyrus which scholars found covered with inscriptions. Among others is one which indicates that at least one lady of the pharaonic period failed to agree with her life partner. The document is a petition to the proper authorities for justice against a spendthrift and abusive husband. "When I married Heracleides," writes the petitioner, "I brought 200 drachmas as a dowry. Besides this, my husband, when he lost his property, found a home in the house of my parents. In spite of this, Heracleides, after he had run through my dowry, cursed me, beat me, deprived me of the necessaries of life, wickedly deserted me and left me in misery. I pray you to force him to appear before you and to cause him to return to me the dower I gave him, increased by half."

LIFE ON A SUBMARINE.

Physical Evils That Come From Long, Continuous Duty.

According to Assistant Surgeon Walter W. Cress of the navy, long, continuous duty on submarines is conducive to high blood pressure, with its attending evils.

"Whether that is due," he says, "to mental strain, loss of sleep, overeating with lack of exercise, excessive use of tobacco, coffee and tea or some toxic agent peculiar to submarines I am unable to say. It was noted that a slight fall occurred after a forty-eight hour surface run and a three hour dive. Undoubtedly that could be accounted for by fatigue or lack of physical exercise during the preceding forty-eight hours."

One effect, natural under the circumstances, he says, was that of loss of weight, and it is observed that there is probably no occupation, excepting that of a boilermaker, giving rise to as many cases of partial deafness as submarine duty. It is not uncommon, he says, for men to report that they have increasing difficulty in hearing the commands. That is attributed to the constant vibratory movement of the submarine, the straining of ears to hear above the noise of the engines, the presence of cold drafts of air down the hatches while operating on the surface, the excessive heat while running submerged and the inhalation of gases given off by the batteries and fumes from oil tanks.

"It is becoming more and more apparent," concluded Dr. Cress, "that all men should undergo a thorough physical and mental examination before being assigned to submarine duty."—Washington Star.

CUTTING THE ROSES.

How to Remove the Flowers Without Injuring the Plants.

There is a right as well as a wrong way to cut roses. If not cut correctly the blossom producing properties of the plants may be seriously injured. This applies particularly, of course, to rose plants chosen and grown especially to supply cut flowers. Such roses will be largely of the perpetual blooming sorts.

When a rose is cut from such a plant only two or three eyes of the current season's growth of that branch should be left on the plant. This should give the roses very long stems. Succeeding blossoms should be cut to the ground. It will seem like destroying the bush to take so much off, but if the object is the production of roses the cutting away of the surplus wood will simply further the desired end.

If the spring pruning has not been sufficiently severe the plant is likely to have long, naked stalks and short stems to the flowers. In such a case only one or two strong leaf buds should be left on the branch when the flower is cut, so as to stimulate as much growth as possible from the base of the plant.

The temptation is great to leave wood where there are two or more buds on one branch, some being small when the terminal one is open. This bad practice can be avoided by pinching off all side shoots after a bud has formed on the end of a branch, thus leaving the stem perfectly clean and willowy.—Popular Science Monthly.

Corn Bread.

In making corn bread be sure to get the proper kind of meal; otherwise it needs flour to keep it together. Ask for the old southern milled cornmeal. It is very fine, white and needs no flour. A good recipe for corn bread is as follows: One and one-half cupfuls of cornmeal, one-half cupful of milk, a pinch of salt, a piece of butter the size of an egg, one-half teaspoonful of baking powder and one egg. It must not be too stiff. Put in a pan that will make the batter about one and one-half inches thick and bake till brown. It is impossible to make the southern corn bread with the coarsely milled meal, says a southerner.—New York Sun.

Animal Criminals.

As a species of hardened criminal among placid herbivorous animals none is worse than the bison, or American buffalo. Toward man and beast and even among themselves these vicious, vindictive and agile brutes, whose half brothers on the other continents do not fear even the terrific onslaughts of lions and tigers, are in a state of almost continual warfare. They are among the wickedest rogues ever seen in a zoo.

Pride a Strange Thing.

Pride is a strange thing. For instance, a man would much rather be seen by the younger and prettier set of neighbor women filling up the gasoline tank than emptying the garbage, though the latter act is really much more commendable in that he just does it to help his poor, hardworking wife that much.—Columbus (O.) Journal.

Patience.

Enter into the sublime patience of the Lord. Be charitable in view of it. God can afford to wait. Why cannot we, since we have him to fall back upon? Let patience have her perfect work and bring forth her celestial fruits.—G. Macdonald.

The Fine Art of Visiting.

"Visiting is an art," says Woman's Home Companion. "To make people feel at home in their own house when you are there is the highest point of human conduct."

The uncertainty of death is in effect the great support of the whole system of life.—Ben Jonson.

ONE WAY TO WOO SLEEP.

Travel In Memory Some Road You Knew Well In Childhood.

It is hard for me to remember now that my knowledge of the sleepy road, gained so many years ago, came only through the chance bit of advice dropped by a wise, kind, weary old doctor as he shuffled at midnight down the corridor of the silent hospital, says the Atlantic Monthly.

Whatever was the errand of life or death that had called him in such haste, he had time to stop and give me a friendly word, although I, a small and incorrigibly sleepless patient, was sitting bolt upright among the pillows in defiance of all his orders and was staring wide eyed into the hot, pain haunted dark.

"You think you are never going to be able to sleep again, don't you?" he observed. "Well, shut your eyes and do just what I tell you. Think of some road that you know well, a good long road that winds and turns and shows you water and woods and hills. Keep your eyes tight shut and travel along it in memory. Go as slowly as you can, recall every sight and sound and perfume as you pass by.

"I have such a road of my own, the one I used to walk to school when I was eight years old. I have started out on it a hundred times when I thought I could not sleep, but I never get very far. I come just about to the old stone bridge over Damon's creek or perhaps to the swimming hole, where the willows dip into the brown water, but I never reach the end."

FACING THE CAMERA.

Don't Dress Up and Don't Pose When Having a Picture Taken.

"There are many things I would like to say to the woman who intends having her picture taken," said a famous photographer the other day.

"Many women come to me and say: 'Of course you prefer taking actresses. They must have many advantages over those women who never have time but to give an occasional glance in their mirrors.' This is entirely a mistake. The conscious pose never makes a satisfactory portrait. I would say emphatically to the woman who goes to have her photograph made not to rehearse her pose and facial expression beforehand.

"I always find it difficult to impress on the woman coming to my studio that clothes and jewels are of absolutely no account in a photograph. If a woman comes to be photographed in the clothes she is used to wearing she will feel at ease and therefore look her best.

"One of the curses of our present day civilization is the ever changing question of fashion. How much more civilized were the Japanese, who realized that the kimono was perhaps the most perfect dress for women at all times—who only varied it with different brocades and girdles. The photograph that concerns itself with clothes is soon out of fashion, and no matter how good a likeness of the face has been obtained, the picture is grotesque in a few years because the clothes are passe."

The Professor Worried.

The absent minded professor from the university town was in Indianapolis attending a convention. While in the city he took a tour of the larger department stores. In one of them he was much perplexed.

He read the sign over the door of the elevator:

"This car express to fifth and sixth floors. Up only."

Absently he read the sign again. Then the car door opened.

"I would like to know," he asked the elevator boy, "if this elevator goes only up, how on earth did you get down here?"

The elevator boy grinned, frowned, scrutinized the man closely and then said in a dignified voice, "Oh, I just came down."—Indianapolis News.

Putting the Cat Out at Night.

The practice of turning the cat out of doors at night is as cruel as it is unnecessary. No animal is fonder of warmth and comfort, and the pet's happiness certainly is not increased by a night spent outside in cold and dampness.

If as much energy was exhausted in keeping the cat indoors as too often is expended in putting her out, how great would be the boon to human nerves and unfortunate wild things! All felines are normally nocturnal, and it is at night, if ever, that a curb on their activities is needed.—Lee S. Crandall, in "Pets."

True Economy.

There are great joys in practicing true economy in the right spirit. True economy, you see, is not abstinence from necessary things—not at all. The joys of true economy are for those who make the most of what they have; who, finding what may be theirs, proceed to the extraction of the greatest benefit from what is within reach.

Too Much Flirting.

First Co-ed—Why, Doris, how tired your eyes look!

Tired One—Yes, my dear; I rolled them too much this evening.—Syracuse Orange Peel.

No Time For Her.

Physician—Your case is such, madam, that time alone will effect a cure.

Mrs. Randall—Then it is hopeless, for I never have even five minutes.—Life.

He Knew Her.

Mrs. Gabble—I met Mr. Brown today while I was shopping. Her Husband—That so? What did you have to say?—Boston Transcript.

TITLES OF THE ROMANOFFS.

Alexander III. Was Proud to Be Called the Peasant Emperor.

The late czar of Russia is now known as Nicholas Romanoff in the great land over which he held autocratic sway. It is not the title by which he expected to go down to posterity.

M. de Blowitz, the famous correspondent of the London Times at Paris, was responsible for putting on record a story regarding Alexander III., the father of Nicholas, which is worth recalling in this connection. The czar and his courtiers had been discussing by what added title he should be known in history. His father had been called Alexander the Liberator and Alexander the Martyr. What should the son be called? "Alexander the Just," suggested one. "Oh, no," replied the czar. "I am and shall remain the peasant emperor. So some of my nobility have styled me in derision, scoffing at my affection for the moujik. But I accept the title as an honor. I have tried to procure for the humble the means of livelihood, and this, I think, is the best and only means of keeping the world going. * * * My greatest ambition is to deserve to bear to the last the title of the peasant emperor."

Little could Alexander III. have thought that the world was so near the time when his son would run the chance of becoming the "last of the emperors of Russia."—Dundee Advertiser.

THE FIREPLACE.

Social Importance of Its Position In the Home.

The center of hospitality in the home is that point about which the family itself gathers most often. This point is in most homes the fireplace; hence its location and construction are of vast importance in building a home.

The fireplace, if there is only one, should be in the living room, for there the family and friends can enjoy it most. It should be located in the center of a wall space, either on one side or at one end of the room. Select the space which will permit the greatest number of people to sit around it.

In the construction of the fireplace you must not forget that its chief purpose is for a fire. The more simple the lines of construction the better taste is displayed and the more room the open fire receives.

There is a great variety of material suitable for a fireplace, and your individuality and taste can be well expressed in this important factor of the home. Brick, tile, wood and many tile substitutes may be used. These offer great possibilities both for good color and design and lend themselves to any style of architecture.—Farm and Fireside.

The Value of Birds.

Without birds successful agriculture would become impossible and the destruction of the greater part of all vegetation would take place. New York state now pays an annual insect tax of $10,000,000, and birds are the chief agents in keeping this tax from increasing yearly. As consumers of weed seed a single species, the tree sparrow, is estimated to consume about 900 tons in New York state each year. The ravages of field mice and other rodents are kept in check by hawks and owls, and the farmer upon whose land a hawk or owl stays is saved upon an average $20 a year by each owl or hawk. The damage done by some few species of birds to growing crops is more than offset by the benefits of their work in destroying insects, rodents and weed seeds.—New York Sun.

The Sea of Space.

The mind cannot comprehend what is meant by the four little words in the expression "the sea of space." If the volume of "space" included within our solar system—which is perhaps but a single train of planets among hundreds of millions of a similar kind—were occupied by one single globe 5,000,000,000 miles in diameter it would be but as a feather in the marvelous spread of "vacancy" surrounding it. In fact, it has been calculated that in the space occupied by our solar system 2,700,000,000,000,000 globes of the size of our earth could revolve, each at a distance of 500,000 miles from the other, and the whole business would be nothing, for there is no wall to the treasure vault of heaven.—Exchange.

Personal Responsibility.

There is such a thing as personal responsibility which cannot be delegated to another. In the navy, for example, we dock ships, and the docking officer is held personally responsible. Disbursing officers in the navy are personally responsible for every payment made not only by themselves, but by their assistants. They cannot delegate responsibility to the pay clerks even for the petty cash.—F. C. Coburn in Industrial Management.

The Operation.

Putting on one's overcoat is sometimes so much of an effort that one is disposed to agree with the old negro who said:

"Fust yo' puts in one ahm, den you puts in de uddah ahm, an' den yo' gibs a gen'ral conwulsion."—Exchange.

Sure Enough Expert.

"You claim to be a food expert?"

"I do," replied Farmer Corntossel. "I'm the kind of a food expert that can raise the stuff instead o' talking about it."—Washington Star.

Under Water.

Willis—Where is Land's End? Gillis—It is where that lot which I bought from the real estate company begins.—Puck.

Freedom from out of a wound shall rise.—Sidney Lanier.

THE REPUBLICAN.

Bellefonte, Pa., Aug. 2, 1917

CHARLES E. DORWORTH, - Ed., & Pub

Subscription rate $1.50 a year strictly in Advance.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

—— Advertising Rates. ——

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One Half Column, 1 year..... 70
One Quarter Column, 1 year..... 40

Legal advertising, 20c per six point line for each three insertions, with the exception of Administrators, Executors and Auditors notices which are advertised at the established rate of $2.50, each.

FOR JURY COMMISSIONER.

The Republican is authorized to announce the candidacy of John D. Decker, of Potter Township, for nomination for Jury Commissioner on the Republican ticket, subject to the decision of the Republican primary election in 1917.

FOR TAX COLLECTOR—We are authorized to announce that J. M. Keichline, of Bellefonte Borough, is a candidate for Tax Collector on the Democratic ticket. Subject to the decision of the voters as expressed at the primaries to be held September 18th, 1917.

Nittany valley farmers say the crops are the best in many years. And that's going some.

The government notwithstanding, the price of coal may have been controlled but surely something went wrong with the controller.

Here's hoping the Kaiser experienced some of the hot weather we have been experiencing these last few days—hoping also the weather was even warmer over there.

Common sense would suggest that the soldiers to be called for the new army under the draft system be permitted to remain at home for a few weeks longer, particularly the men to be called from the farms. Every farm needs all the hands that may be secured to care for the harvest.

Troop L will be off for the front in the next few days. Once the boys depart from a concentration camp we likely will hear little from them until official announcement is made of their arrival "somewhere in France." Let everybody turn out and give the troopers a royal send-off in the Court House square Saturday evening.

Considering demands for funds resulting from war conditions, institutions receiving State aid fared pretty well. It is to be regretted, however, that sufficient money was not appropriated by the Legislature to continue building operations on an extensive scale at the new penitentiary. The project is too big and too much is involved to excuse the piece-meal manner in which construction work is being done because of the lack of money.

Notice.

On account of the expected departure of Troop L, it has been decided to give a farewell demonstration in the court house Diamond Saturday August 4th, at 8 o'clock. A parade of all local organizations desiring to enter will form at 7 o'clock, headed by Col. H. S. Taylor as marshal. After the parade a few speeches will be made in front of Gov. Curtin's monument.

The committee in charge are Col. W. F. Reynolds, Col. J. L. Spangler, Will Conley, Robert Hunter, Edward Gehert, John Bower, J. M. Decker and William Burnside. A meeting of this committee is called for in the arbitration rooms this (Thursday) evening, August 2nd, at 8 o'clock. All organizations expecting to enter the parade are requested to report at this meeting.

EDMUND BLANCHARD,
Burgess.

Parks—Prudy.

Robert Parks, a graduate of State College, who is now in the employ of the Pennsylvania Railroad as an electrician, was married Saturday afternoon to Miss Marjorie Prudy, of Altoona. The bride, until recently, was employed as a teacher in the schools at that place. They will make their home in Altoona.

Market Quotations.

(Corrected by Weaver Bro. Grocers)

Butter	35
Eggs	37

GRAIN MARKET
(Corrected by Gamble & Gheen)

Wheat	$2.00
Corn	2.00
Oats	75
Rye	1.75

State of Ohio, city of Toledo, } ss
Lucas County }

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

(Seal) A. W. GLEASON
Notary Public

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and foucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY, & CO., Toledo, Ohio
Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

On Second Thought

What Promised to Be a Brideless Wedding Proved a Real One

By ARTHUR C. SAUNDERS

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Mrs. Seaton was a demure little old lady, whose greatest worry in life was "the gentleman in the third floor rear." He had been in the house three weeks, and as yet the good woman had caught no glimpse of the color of his coin. To be sure, he was a clean cut, handsome fellow, with a winning way and a genial twinkle in his eye, "but then," as Mrs. Seaton told herself, "looks and manners don't buy bread."

When the postman left a letter addressed to "Robert Chestwick, Jr., Esq.," the first that gentleman had received since his arrival, the good lady seized the opportunity to press her claims. Chestwick had just returned from a late breakfast, consisting mainly of a newspaper and a perusal of the menu card.

Mrs. Seaton entered in response to his "Come in" and, laying the letter on the bureau—the room contained no table—proceeded to business.

"If you don't mind, Mr. Chestwick, and it's convenient, my guests"—Mrs. Seaton always spoke of her lodgers as guests—"my guests pay every"—

"My dear lady," interrupted the guest solemnly, "if a house and lot cost 10 cents I wouldn't have the price of a doorknob. I cultivate the higher things in life, not the sordid trifles. I despise the riches that moth and rust are said to corrupt. I had some of them, but I threw them away," he added sententiously.

"You threw them away!" echoed Mrs. Seaton blankly. She gave him one dismayed glance and left the room.

"Poor little woman!" murmured Chestwick as the door closed. "It will take her a week to puzzle that out." And he proceeded to open the envelope. It contained an invitation to the wedding of Richard McDiarmid to Miss Caroline Cristy of New York.

"Poor old Mac!" soliloquized Chestwick. "Going to get married! Why, it is only three short years since we formed the Brawling Bachelors' club at college. Well, I suppose Mac can afford it. He doesn't owe the fiddler as large a bill as I, and, besides, he has not incurred the parental displeasure."

The thought recalled Chestwick's present straits—without a position, without money, without friends from whom he could ask assistance.

"My friends have the cash all right, if I could only get at it," he ruefully told himself. "The trouble is I have got at it too often. If only I had all the presents that lucky dog Mac will get! The thought almost tempts one to become a Benedict. What a pity a man cannot marry without taking a wife! By Jove, though, it might be done!" And he fell to planning a brideless wedding.

Now, if Chestwick was opposed to marriage he was by no means averse to pretty girls, and during his stay at

"PRESENTS!" ECHOED MRS. SEATON—"PRESENTS! AND FROM WHOM, PRAY?"

Mrs. Seaton's he had not let slip the opportunity of becoming acquainted with his landlady's winsome daughter. He had become more than acquainted with her. He had regaled her with stories of college pranks and daredevil escapades until she had come to regard him as an unsung hero, while Chestwick found the sparkling, mirthful, sympathetic girl a charming companion.

That evening Chestwick took Miss Seaton for a walk.

"Miss Marion," he began, "I am thinking of getting married."

"Married!"

"Well—er—I don't mean to take a wife; get married without a wife, you know."

"Get married without a wife! I should say I do not know. For heaven's sake, tell me what you mean!"

And Chestwick told her.

"You see, the difficulty is that the presents must come in the name of the girl. And," he continued, with an amused glance at the trim figure by his side, "the only girl I know within a thousand miles is Miss Marion Seaton."

The girl looked at him swiftly and flushed scarlet. Then she laughed low and merrily.

"Are you game?" he asked. "I know it is a lot to ask, but I need the money."

The girl gazed at him compassionately.

"Poor boy!" she said. "You must be in bad straits."

And so it was settled. The invitations were to bear the address of the little office where Miss Seaton assisted her impoverished mother by conducting a small business.

Within a week 300 letters were speeding eastward from the little California town, among them a letter to Robert Chestwick, Sr., which read in part:

Dear Father—I know you will be glad to learn that I am about to follow your advice and settle down in life. Miss Seaton is poor, but of good family and in every way such a person as you will consider an addition to the family.

All of which was true, save for the minor detail that Robert junior had no intention of marrying the estimable Miss Seaton.

In time the presents began to arrive. The rush was preceded by an enthusiastic letter from Robert senior, containing a check with three figures and the offer of a junior partnership in a paying business should his son desire to return east.

Each day Chestwick visited Miss Seaton's office, where the pair enjoyed their secret hugely.

"It is the most impudent thing I ever heard of," the girl would announce between bursts of laughter.

After carefully removing the addresses, Chestwick, laden with packages, would return to his new first floor front, for as funds went up Chestwick came down. The spacious room soon resembled a jeweler's shop. Bric-a-brac, china, cut glass, silver and even gold sparkled from every corner, like the treasures in a pirate's cave.

By the third day the amazement of good Mrs. Seaton knew no bounds. To think that this youth, who a short time ago had been without the price of his room rent; this philosophical young man, who despised the treasures that moth and rust do corrupt, who had even thrown them away, should be the recipient of such wealth as this! Here was an enigma indeed! At length the worthy woman could restrain her curiosity no longer. On a pretext she visited Chestwick's room, where she found him examining a wardrobe fresh from the tailor's. Mrs. Seaton glanced around and blinked her feeble eyes in the gleam and glitter of so much precious metal.

"You have a lot of silverware," she ventured. "Or perhaps it is not yours?"

"Oh, yes. It is mine," Chestwick assured her. "They are presents."

"Presents!" echoed Mrs. Seaton. "Presents! And from whom, pray?"

"From my friends. It—it is my birthday."

"Your birthday!" gasped the landlady. "Your friends must be very fond of you."

"They are," said Chestwick. "I am quite touched at their generosity. But," he added to himself, "I mean my friends are touched."

Mrs. Seaton left the room more bewildered than ever. His birthday, indeed! What young man, she would like to know, would receive teaspoons and saltcellars as birthday presents? There was something suspicious here. Could it be— Ah! She had it! Robert Chestwick was a burglar! A criminal, probably escaped from some eastern penitentiary! He said he came from the east. She would call the police at once! She wouldn't have the jail bird in her house another hour—not she! On second thought, though, she would wait for Marion. Marion must be consulted.

So Mrs. Seaton placed her valuables under lock and key and in fear and trepidation awaited her daughter's return.

Meantime Robert Chestwick, ensconced in a generous Morris chair (the gift of Aunt Lucy), was pursuing a new line of thought, suggested by Mrs. Seaton's questions.

"I'm dished this time and no mistake," he told himself. "In the east I am a married man. Ergo, being minus a wife, I am exiled. What an ass I am! I don't want to spend my days wandering up and down those parts of the world in which I am not known. Of course my wife might die. By Jove! That's it! She shall die! Mrs. Robert Chestwick, Jr.," he announced solemnly to an imaginary listener, "you are doomed to an untimely end. I am sorry, my dear, very sorry, but it is quite impossible that you should live any longer."

He hastened out into the street and returned shortly, carrying a square box under his arm. After carefully closing his door he undid the fastening, removed the wrapping and, raising the lid, drew forth some deep bordered mourning paper. He seated himself at a handsome black walnut desk (the gift of Uncle Peter), took up a pearl handled pen (the gift of Susie Thompson, from whom he had stolen a kiss that June day under the chestnut tree), dipped it in a cut glass ink well (the gift of Cousin Bessie) and commenced his doleful task.

Dear Father—My telegram will have made you aware of the terrible misfortune that has overtaken me. I am distracted, crazed, almost insane with grief. Poor, dear Marion—God bless her—was—

A knock at the door interrupted him, and he turned to see Miss Seaton enter noiselessly.

"Are you busy?" she asked.

"Not particularly. I am just killing my wife." And Robert junior smiled complacently.

"Killing your wife!"

"Yes. You see, I want to go east, and it is out of the question to take her with me and too soon to desert or divorce her, so I decided she must die. The blow will almost kill father, but"—

"You had better postpone the murder awhile," advised Miss Seaton. "Do you know what mother thinks? She is convinced you are a burglar and insists upon calling the police. She says no young man would receive butter knives and teapots for birthday presents. You put your foot in it that time, young man."

"Ye gods!" exclaimed Chestwick. "Mari—I mean Miss Seaton—tell her I bought them; tell her I'm about to repent—tell her anything, only make her keep quiet."

As Marion ran lightly down the stairs Chestwick could hear her laughing gayly.

"She is a brick," he told himself. "Winsome, close mouthed—egad, she is one in a thousand!"

Snatches of her conversation crept up the stairs and fell softly on Chestwick's ears as he lay back in his desk chair, trying to recall the bewitching vision that had just fled through

"WILL YOU COME, DEAR?" HE ASKED.

his open door. A thought that had before half fluttered through his mind began to take form. Why should he not marry this girl? Surely she had proved herself pure gold. Who else would have stood by him as she had?

But it was when he thought of returning east without her that Chestwick realized how much Marion meant to him. He could not leave her—not he.

Once more he seated himself at the walnut desk, caught up the pearl handled pen and dipped it in the cut glass ink well. But this time it was not upon a sheet of black rimmed note paper that he wrote. Instead, he drew from a drawer a telegraph blank and scribbled:

Father—Will accept your offer of junior partnership. Marion and I leave for the east immediately. R. C., Jr.

A mischievous voice from the doorway told him of Marion's return. "Still killing your wife?" she asked.

Chestwick faced about. His eyes twinkled, and in his hand he held the yellow telegraph slip.

"Er—no—not exactly. The fact is, I have changed my mind. Read that." And he thrust the telegram toward her.

"Will you come, dear?" he asked.

"I suppose I shall have to," she whispered, for he was close to her now. "It is too soon to desert or divorce me, and to tell the truth, Bob, I do not want to die just yet."

He drew her gently toward the desk chair.

"How fortunate it is, Marion, that I did not mail that black bordered letter. Then I should have had to raise you from the dead."

"You could have done it," she answered.

Where We Get Rattan.

Rattan is one of the most important exports of Singapore, although it does not make a large showing as to value, being a comparatively cheap article compared with its bulk. Singapore is probably the leading export market for rattans in the world, although practically none of the raw product is produced in the Straits Settlements and very little in the Federated Malay States, most of it being collected from the islands of Sumatra, Borneo, the Celebes and smaller islands. Ordinarily cut from the jungle by natives under the direction of Chinese merchants doing business in the interior, it is bought up by large dealers in the principal towns and eventually sold to Singapore buyers in bundles as it comes originally from the jungle. The buyers in Singapore take the rattan in this form and put it through a process of selection and cleaning, after which it is bundled together according to grade and shipped direct to Europe or to this country.

Old Time Versatility.

Henry Watterson, in an interview in Washington on one occasion praised the American journalist of the old school.

"The journalist of the old school," said Mr. Watterson, with his hearty laugh, "was remarkable above all things for versatility. He, unlike your college bred journalist of today, never knew when he turned up at the office whether he'd be handed a mop, an opera ticket or a pair of shears, and he was equally at home with all three."

Explains Treatment For Rattlesnake and Copperhead Bites

Dr. Charles Dittmars, curator of the reptile department of the New York Zoological Bureau, a noted authority on venomous snakes and methods of treatment of persons bitten, some time ago sent to The Republican, at our request, a pamphlet written by him and dealing in a most interesting and instructive way with rattlesnakes and copperheads. Dr. Dittmars outlines a very simple and effective method of treatment for persons bitten by either of these two venomous snakes. It would be well for every reader who has occasion to visit sections where rattlesnakes or copperheads may be encountered to cut out and save Dr. Dittmar's article for reference in time of emergency. The article follows:

In the New England States and the Middle Atlantic States, there are but two species of poisonous snakes. These are the Timber Rattlesnake and the Copperhead snake. The Blacksnake, Watersnake, Flat-Headed "Adder," Checkered "Adder," and other serpents with formidable titles found in those areas are absolutely harmless. If we include the Lake Region and the Ohio Valley we must include another poisonous species, the Massassauga; this is a small rattlesnake of a slaty gray hue marked with a chain of deep brown blotches.

South of central North Carolina, thence throughout the Gulf States, we find several more venemous species, as follows:

The Diamond Rattlesnake. Largest and most deadly of any of the North American serpents. It attains a length of eight feet and is beautifully marked with a chain of yellowish rhombs on an olive ground-color.

The Pigmy Rattlesnake. A diminutive, slaty-gray species, closely related to the Massassauga. There are jet black blotches on the back and a reddish on the neck.

The Water Moccasin. A semi-aquatic species.

The Coral Snake. Previously described.

Thus we have an idea of the various dangerous snakes of the Eastern States. Incidentally it might be said that the Timber Rattlesnake and the Copperhead snake range southward to the northern portion of the Florida peninsula. In the extreme South the Copperhead also extends its range westward to the Rio Grande, in Texas.

It is quite wrong to imagine a poisonous snake springs at an enemy. It never jumps from the ground and seldom strikes more than a third its length. Poisonous snakes never chase an enemy. Their attitude toward man is merely that of self-defence.

It is not necessary for a rattlesnake to coil before strking. It can strike from a crawling position provided the neck can be doubled into an S-shaped loop to lurch the head forward.

It is impossible to render a venomous snake permanently harmless by extracting the fangs, as a number of auxiliary fangs are ready to take the place of the functional pair within a couple of weeks.

What to Carry in the Field: Every field naturalist and prospector venturing into regions known to be the lurking places of venomous snakes should carry articles to be used in case of accident. These are comparatively simple. Following is a list of them:

A hypodermic syringe; a rubber ligature; several sharp scalpels (or a razor); a jar of antiseptic gause; material for outside bandage (boiled cheesecloth); a jar of permanganate of potassium (crystals); several tubes of anti-toxin (anti-venomous serum); some strychnine tablets; a flask of whiskey.

The entire outfit can be carried in the capacious pockets of an ordinary khaki shooting jacket, if necessary. The writer speaks from experience.

What to do if Bitten: Invariably, the injury is upon some part of the arm or leg. Everything depends upon the promptitude in performing the first two precautions.

1st. Apply the ligature a short distance above the bite. Thus the ligature should be carried in a pocket that is immediately available, without a second's loss in a fumble.

2nd. Enlarge the punctures by cutting into them, at least as deep as they are. Make two cuts over each, these cuts crossing one another. This cutting starts a flow of the poisoned blood, which should be accelerated in every way possible. It is not dangerous to suck the blood away proviiding there are no cuts or fresh abrasions in the mouth or on the lips. In this way much venom may be drawn from the wounds. If a stream is nearby, wash the wounds thoroughly, then bathe them repeatedly in a solution composed of permanganate of potash crystals in water to produce a deep wine color.

If no doctor is nearby, the antitoxin should be injected by means of the hypodermic syringe, in some part of the body where it will gain the general circulation—preferably under the skin of the abdomen. In a succeeding paragraph it will be explained where this product may be obtained.

If constitutional symptoms develop—weakness and giddiness, a hypodermic injection of strychnine must be administered. As a stimulant, taken in very moderate quantities, brandy is invaluable.

After the wounds have been thoroughly bled and washed with the permanganate, the ligature may be removed, but not until every measure has been employed to draw the venom from the bitten part; these measures including suction and massage.

At this stage there is but one thing to do if that is possible. Journey to the nearest doctor of repute; for grave symptoms, beyond the power of any but a medical man to combat, may possibly develop.

If a doctor is out of the question, keep your head. You will need to think, and with great care. Take a cathartic. Keep the wounds absolutely clean and remember that tissue that has been weakened by snake poison is peculiarly susceptible to common blood poisoning. Pack small bits of gauze into the wounds to keep them open and draining, then dress over them with gauze saturated with any good antiseptic solution. Keep the dressing saturated and the wounds open for at least a week, no matter how favorable may be the symptoms.

The writer has talked with many men of good, practical reasoning powers, who have been bitten by snakes and entirely recovered, while miles from civilization. They have employed methods similar to those described.

Before leaving the town behind you, consult a good doctor. Learn how to properly use a hypodermic syringe and the amount of strychnine your system will endure.

The anti-toxin, technically known as Anti-Venine, is a foreign product and apparently the best of the so-called antidotes for snake bite, as it is manufactured and does its work along lines well understood and practical. It may be obtained from the agencies of the Pasteur Institute, one of which is situated in New York City.

Once again let the writer advise the sufferer:

Keep your head. Do not give way to despondency. There is every reason why a healthy man should recover, and quickly too, from a bite from any of the greater number of the venomous snakes in the United States. But the proper means to save life should be executed promptly and systematically.

State Appropriations.

Governor Brumbaugh has approved annual appropriations and on account of the war made a big slash, giving to each institution just about what will see it through until the next session of the legislature which will not convene for two years unless the present war conflict necessitates calling an extra session. The following are the local appropriations.

Two years ago State College received $1,520,000. This has been reduced to $1,270,000. Bellefonte hospital received $15,000 the same as last time. The Cottage Hospital, of Philipsburg, had the appropriation reduced from $47,000 to $45,000. The Western Penitentiary, which includes the one in Allegheny and the one at Rockview, near Bellefonte, received last time $1,055,553,00. This time it was reduced to $955,553 which means that no big work will be undertaken at Rockview under the present appropriation.

Arrested for Larceny.

Robert Brown, colored, giving his home address as Georgia, was arrested at Snow Shoe Monday night and lodged in jail in Bellefonte charged with larceny. He is accused of stealing a sweater belonging to Larry Redding, proprietor of the Mountain House at Snow Shoe, and a bicycle owned by Mr. Redding's daughter. While Brown is in custody on the larceny charge an investigation will be made to ascertain if he failed to register for the military draft. He was unable to show a certificate of registration.

The Local Chautauqua.

The Bellefonte Chautauqua for 1917 is now a matter of local history as the tent was torn down Tuesday night and shipped Wednesday morning. It proved to be a greater success than in any previous year in the way of entertainments. The guarantors were called upon to pay $2.75 a piece but that is an improvement over other years. Sufficient guarantors have been secured to insure the Chautauqua for 1918. Several of these guarantors are from the country districts showing that the people outside of the borough are taking an interest.

Advertise in "The Republican."

NIAGARA FALLS

Personally Conducted Excursions

July 13, 27, August 10, 24, September 7, 21, and October 5

Round $9.00 Trip
From Bellefonte

SPECIAL ALL-STEEL TRAIN of Pullman Parlor Cars, Restaurant Car, and Day Coaches

Daylight Ride through Picturesque Susquehanna Valley

Tickets good going on Special Train and connecting trains, and returning on regular trains within FIFTEEN DAYS. Stop-off at Buffalo on return trip.

Illustrated Booklet and full information may be obtained from Ticket Agents.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

Correspondence

Boalsburg.

Misses Nellie and Mabel Lohr, of Philadelphia, visited their aunt, Miss Annie Lohr, from Wednesday until Thursday of last week.

Miss Esther Sparr is visiting at the home of O. W. Stover.

Miss Geraldine Hackenberry, of Rebersburg, is visiting at the A. J. Hazel home.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Ross and family, of Pine Grove, spent Sunday with Mrs. Ross's parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Weber.

Miss Luella Ross spent part of last week with her sister, Mrs. Robert Harter, at State College.

Mrs. John Durner is visiting relatives at Avis.

Mrs. John Traxler and son, of Bettendorf, Iowa, came to Mrs. Traxler's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Reitz, on Monday where they will spend several weeks.

Rev. G. L. Courtney, wife and family are spending their vacation with Mr. Courtney's mother at New Berlin.

Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus Woods, of Harrisburg, are visiting the former's sister, Mrs. Allice Magoffin.

Mrs. W. H. Stuart, and three daughters and mother, Mrs. Eliza Leech, spent Friday afternoon at Bellefonte.

David Stuart, of Ingram, visited his mother, Mrs. Emma Stuart.

There will be a canning demonstration in Boal Hall on Thursday evening August 2nd.

Mrs. Charles Segner and daughter, Mary, spent Saturday in Bellefonte.

The Civic Club will hold their monthly meeting on Friday evening, August 3rd, at the home of Mrs. Lizzie Meyer.

Miss Margaretta Goheen is visiting at the home of Ray D. Gilliland at State College.

On Wednesday of last week, Mrs. L. E. Kidder and daughter, and Mrs. John Jacobs autoed to Altoona. The Kidders returned the same day while Mrs. Jacobs remained in Altoona with relatives.

Mrs. Roy Coxey and daughter of Altoona, visited at the home of Mrs. Nannie Coxey.

Roy Locke, of Bellefonte, was entertained at the L. E. Kidder home on Tuesday.

A very pleasing event took place at the Daniel Meyer home over Sunday when he entertained his children and grandchildren. There were twenty in number. This family had not been together at the home for twelve years. Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Alvin Meyer and five children, of Jacksonville, Florida; Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Loneberger and six children, of State College; Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Wagner, of Altoona, and Mr. and Mrs. Norman Slagel who make their home with Mr. Daniel Meyer.

Centre Mills.

All the farmers are busy putting away their wheat.

George Day, of near Smullton, lost a valuable horse one day last week.

Henry Sweely returned home on Sunday after spending a week with his uncle, Robert Strouse, at Spring Mills.

Mrs. John Kline has been nursing a carbunkle on her face for the past week but it has turned for the better.

Arthur Cummings and family spent Sunday evening at the Adam Reish home.

Mr. and Mrs. George Kline, of Jersey Shore, and Professor Godshall and family of Spring Mills, spent Sunday at the J. A. Kline home.

Miss Annie Renninger, of Colyer, who spent several weeks with her niece, Mrs. Arthur Cummings, returned home last week.

Read "The Republican." $1.50 a year.

Woodward.

Isaac Orndorf, wife and daughter, Miss Florence and grandson master Paul Branat of Jersey Shore, spent a few days this week at the home of the lady's parents, Jackson Sheesley's.

Miss Helen VonGordon, of Albany, N. Y., is a guest at the home of Oliver Fiedler.

Miss Lida Hosterman is enjoying a trip to Atlantic City and Mechanicsburg.

Bruce Motz from Buffalo, N. Y., and Dewey Motz, of Akron O., are spending their vaction at the home of their parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Motz.

After spending two weeks with his parents, Porter Snyder and wife returned to their home in DuBois this week.

Mrs. Mazie Leatherman of Jersey City, is spending sometime with her sister-in law, Mrs. A. M. Yearick.

Robert Smallwood of Paulsboro, N. J., spent the Sabbath with his wife at the home of Dr. W. P. Ard.

George Barner of Toledo, O., is visiting his mother, Mrs. R. Barner.

Prof. Stover, wife and daughter, Miss Grace, of Bloomfield, N. Y., are spending a month with relatives.

Motored to Bellefonte.

A. J. Musser, P. T. Davis, M. S. Mitchell and Harry Johnston, of Clearfield, motored to Bellefonte Saturday afternoon and remained here until about 9 o'clock when they returned home. They are all stockholders of the State-Centre Electric Co. and came here to meet a special committee of the Bellefonte Council but as several of the members of the committee were out of town there was no meeting. However, they left some documents here stating their position in regard to the contract between the company and the Council with reference to the pumping of water from the spring to supply the town. The special committee will present these documents to Council which meets next Monday evening.

Tener Echoes Johnson.

Ex Governor John K. Tener, president of the National Base Ball league, has issued a statement in which he echoes President Johnson's statement of last Friday. Ex-Governor Tener says the big leagues will do anything the government wants. Should President Wilson say quit base ball and join the fighting forces, the base ball players will be there with bells on ready for service. It is very probable that the World Series will be abandoned this season.

Increasing the Judge's Salary.

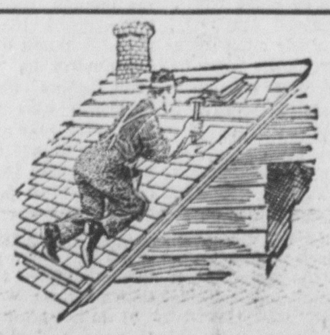
Governor Brumbaugh on Saturday signed the bill that increased the salary of Judges. Quite a number of persons in Bellefonte and throughout Centre county have been wondering whether this county is included. No; the bill only includes only those Judges in large cities where there are quite a number of Judges employed such as Harrisburg, Scranton, WilkesBarre, Pittsburgh and other cities of that character.

Boost Price of Drinks.

Anticipating the prohibition of the manufacture of whisky when the proposed food conservation bill becomes a law, hotels and saloons have boosted the price of some drinks. Bellefonte hotels last Saturday advanced the usual 10 cent glass of whisky to 15 cents. The 15 cent glass of whisky was lifted to 20 cents. Bottled beer is up to 15 cents, straight. The 5 cent glass is daily shrinking in size.

Dorsett Appointed.

It will be interesting for the farmers of Centre county to know that Hon. E. B. Dorsett, a prominent grange official of Pennsylvania, has been appointed director of bureau of markets of Pennsylvania. The bureau of markets will be worked in connection with the Department of Agriculture of Pennsylvania. J. Wallace Hallowell, Jr., of Philadelphia, has been appointed his assistant.



Up on the Roof—

is where the actual test of roofing value is determined.

Red Seal Brand

Western Red Cedar Shingles stand the test.

See them before you buy, your roofing

P. B. CRIDER & SON - - BELLEFONTE, PA.

Entrekine—Bullock.

Friday afternoon at 2 o'clock William Frank Entrekine and Miss Harriette Bullock were married at the Lutheran parsonage at York by M. R. Hamshre The bride is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Forest Bullock, of Bellefonte, and a young lady possessing those qualities that will make a most desirable helpmate through life, and her friends wish for her unbounded success in the new life. The groom was formerly a student at the Bellefonte Academy and in 1914 graduated from State College. He is a young business man of more than ordinary ability and is employed as service salesman for the Harrisburg Light & Power Co. He is a very fine young gentleman who starts his married life with a fine position and stands a good chance of advancement. They will make their future home at 1941 Fulton street, Harrisburg.

Many Cooks Wanted.

Too many cooks spoil the broth they say, but uncle Sam's Marines can't get too many cooks for their little mess overseas. Word has gone out that the U. S. Marines need cooks. There's extra money in the job and there will probably be hundreds of applicants.

SINKING A SUBMARINE.

How the U-29 and Its Daring Crew Were Sent to the Bottom.

Von Weddigen, the hero of the German submarine service, after sinking the British cruisers Aboukir, Hogue and Cressy was promoted to a better ship and took command of the U-29, in comparison with the U-9 a biggish brute, a regular "peach," almost an undersea liner.

After a hard day on the job, looking for game in the upper North sea, the U-29 went "to sleep," resting with a slight negative buoyancy on a shelving sand bank. Outside of the watch officer and the regular standing watch, all hands must have turned in, sleeping in their leather suits. It is supposed that, as the watch at the telephones heard the nearing propeller beats of a British destroyer screen, the alarm was sounded—"Tauch station!"—with every man flying to his post.

One might imagine that Von Weddigen waited; that the microphones vibrated the slow chugs of big ship propellers, which told him that the British fleet was approaching. Blowing his adjusting tank to a submerged trim, he came to fighting position. His periscope tipped the surface.

He was lucky enough to come between the two columns of the British grand fleet, steaming in line of squadrons, with the Iron Duke leading the right column, flying Jellicoe's flag. The periscope of the U-29 showed up halfway between the squadrons, six cables apart. She got off her torpedo, which passed under the Iron Duke. Immediately she fired No. 2, which also missed, going astern. Because of danger of smashing their own ships none of the British gun crews dared to fire at the German submarine.

But after the second torpedo something went wrong with the U-29. Either the valves failed to work, which, by taking water into compensating tanks, were to equalize the weight of the discharged torpedoes, or at the instant the diving rudder man failed in giving enough "down rudder." At any rate, the nose of the submarine shot up above the water.

She started immediately to begin to dive, but the dreadnaught, third in the left column, swung out of line and went full speed for the U boat. The big ship caught her on the ram, spearing her like a whale, and raised her along the cutwater until the submarine was half out of water—a flash, a grinding smash, the U-29 balancing first one way, then the other, and finally dropping, the lettered bow foremost! The dreadnaught swung back into column. Without a signal being made, without a shot fired, the grand fleet proceeded.

This is the true story of how Von Weddigen perished. It came from a man who saw it with his own eyes.—Henry Reuterdahl in Saturday Evening Post.

Automobile Radiators.

To assure the efficient operation and long life of your automobile it is essential that the radiator be kept clean Every radiator has been designed for the purpose of dissipating some of the heat from the engine to prevent it from overheating. The radiator can only accomplish this, advises the Popular Science Monthly, when the radiator cells are cleared of mud, so that the comparatively cool air can circulate through it. Yet many are the cars which are allowed to clog up with mud and dirt until it almost takes a hammer to knock them out. A good antidote is a powerful stream of water from a hose, or where this may not be convenient a stiff brush or a broom will assist in solving the cleaning problem.

Read "The Republican" $1.50 a year in advance.

To Shingle Users.

We have succeeded in securing several car loads of the famous Pacific Coast Red Cedar shingles. Send in your orders while they last.

P. B. CRIDER & SON,
Bellefonte.

CHARTER NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the Governor of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania on Tuesday, August 21, 1917, for a charter for a corporation to be called the "MANUFACTURERS' COAL COMPANY", whose principal office is at Bellefonte, Pa., the purpose of which corporation is the mining manufacturing and marketing of coal and for this object to have the right to buy, hold and lease real estate.

ORVIS & ZERBY
Attorneys for Applicants.

Notice of Primary Election

In accordance with an Act of Assembly known as the Uniform Primaries Act approved July 12, 1913, and supplements thereto, notice is hereby given that a Primary Election will be held on

WEDNESDAY, THE 19th DAY OF SEPTEMBER, 1917

at which time the polls will be open from 7 o'clock A. M. to 7 o'clock P. M., for the purpose of nominating candidates for the following offices to be voted for at the Municipal Election to be held November 6th, 1917:—

COUNTY OFFICES

Each political party is entitled to nominate persons for the following County Offices:

Two Jury Commissioners

TOWNSHIP, PRECINCT, BOROUGH AND WARD OFFICES

Each political party is entitled to nominate persons for the following offices:

Judge of Elections
Inspectors of Elections
Assessor
Registry Assessor
Councilmen
Burgess
Tax Collector
Auditors
Township Supervisors
Justices of the Peace
School Directors

Notice is also hereby given that petitions to have the names of candidates printed upon the ballots of the Township Precinct, Borough and Ward offices for which nominations are to be made, as well as for party offices to be elected therein, must be filed in the office of the County Commissioners at Bellefonte, Pa., on or before August 22, 1917.

DANIEL A. GROVE,
WM. H. NOLL, Jr.,
ISAAC MILLER.
County Commissioners

Attest:
HARRY N. MEYER,
Clerk.

Bellefonte, Pa., July 23, 1917.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

By virtue of a writ of Fieri Facias, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Centre County, Pennsylvania, and to me directed, there will be exposed to public sale at the Court House, in the Borough of Bellefonte Pa., on

MONDAY, AUGUST 27, 1917,

at 1:30 o'clock P. M., the following described real estate, to wit:

All that piece or parcel of land situate in the Township of Snow Shoe, Centre County, Pa., bounded and described as follows:

Beginning at a point of intersection on East side of the Township road leading from Kato, Pa., to Clarence, Pa., and the Western corner of land now or formerly owned by F. Hayton; thence by land of F. Hayton the following courses and distances: N 35 degrees 24' E 249.6' s 58 degrees 04' E265.5' thence by land of F. W. Crider the following courses and distances: N 37 degrees 54' E 845' N 31 degrees 17' W 82' S 81 degrees 03' W 1024' to the Township road from Kato to Clarence; thence along said road the following courses and distances: S 10 degrees 22' E 413.5' S 14 degrees 33' E 82.5' S 28 degrees 00' E 178.3' to the place of beginning, containing 10 acres, be the same more or less; excepting and reserving all stone, coal iron ore, oils gas, and all other minerals, etc., with right of ingress, egress and regress. Thereon erected a frame dwelling house and other outbuildings.

Seized, levied upon, taken into execution and to be sold as the property of Andy Watowitch.

TERMS OF SALE—No deed will be acknowledged until purchase money is paid in full.

GEO. H. YARNELL, Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office, Bellefonte, Pa.
July 21, 1916.

LEGAL NOTICE.

In the matter of the estate of Lester Shuey, late of Spring Twp, deceased. Notice is hereby given that the Widow's Appraisement in the above estate whereby personal property amounting to $96.00 has been set aside to Homie Shuey, widow of the deceased. And the balance in real estate valued at $850.00 subject to the payment of mortgage of $650.00 under the terms of the Act of June 1888.

DESCRIPTION OF REAL ESTATE

All that certain messuage, tenement or tract of land situate in the village of Pleasant Gap, Centre County, Penna., bounded and described as follows:

BEGINNING at a post at south side of Lewistown Turnpike and at corner of lot of Jerry N. Gill; thence along the east side of the said Turnpike, south sixty-seven and one fourth degrees east four rods eight one-hundredths of a rod to a stone; thence along said lands of Wm. Johnson, north twenty-one degrees east eleven and two-tenth rods to a stone, thence by lands of Wm Grenoble, north nineteen and three-fourths degrees twenty-two rods to a stone; thence by land of Wm. Colyer south sixty-six and one-half degrees west twenty-three and two-tenth rods to a stone; thence along land of Sarah E. Gill south thirty-four degrees east one and two-tenths rods to a stone; thence along land of Sarah E. Gill so. sixteen and one degrees west fourteen and seven-tenth rods to the place of beginning. Containing one acre and ninety-two perches more or less. Being the same property conveyed by Jay L. Crust et ux to Lester Shuey.

If no exceptions are filed thereto within thirty days the said Widow's Appraisement will be confirmed absolutely by the Court.

FRANK SASSERMAN,
Register & C. O. C.

LEGAL NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that there has been appraised and set apart to Sarah E. Murphy, widow of James L. Murphy, late of Ferguson Twp., deceased real and personal property to the amount of $800.00, under the act of Assembly approved July 21, 1913 as follows, to wit:

Personal Property $300.00
Real Estate 500.00—$800 00

DESCRIPTION OF REAL ESTATE

All that certain messuage or lot of ground, situate in the village of Pine Grove Mills, Township of Ferguson, County of Centre and State of Penna. known as Lot No. seven on the Huntingdon Road, leading to Stone Valley, fronting sixty-four feet on said road and extending one hundred and fifty feet westward to an alley, adjoining lot of Jacob Stahley and others, also ten feet feet to lot No. Eight, fronting on the Huntingdon Road, leading to Stone Valley, and one hundred and sixty feet westward to an alley, adjoining lot No. seven on the south.

The above appraisement has been confirmed Nisi by the Court and publication ordered for a period of thirty days, and if no exceptions be filed thereto witnin thirty days the same will be confirmed absolutely by the Court.

FRANK SASSERMAN,
Register & C. O. C.

Notice in Divorce.

Flora M. Vonada vs. Charles H. Vonada. In the Court of Common Pleas of Centre County, No. 34 September term 1917.

IN RE-DIVORCE

To Charles H. Vonada:—

Whereas your wife, Flora M. Vonada has filed a libel in the Court of Common Pleas of Centre County, No 34 September Term, 1917, praying for a divorce against you, now you are hereby notified and requested to appear on or before the Fourth Monday of September, 1917, to answer the complaint of your wife, Flora M. Vonada and to show cause, if any you have, why the said Flora M. Vonada should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered with you, and in default of such appearance you will be liable to have a divorce granted in your absence.

Sheriff's Office, Bellefonte, Pa.
July 10, 1917.

GEO. H. YARNELL, Sheriff.

LEGAL NOTICE.

In the Orphans' Court of Centre County.

Estate of L. Clark Warner, late of Snow Shoe Borough deceased.

Notice is hereby given that Minnie Warner, widow of said decedent has presented and filed her petition, with return of appraisement of real estate situate in Boggs Township, said county, being the one-half undivided interest in and to about ten acres of land, valued and appraised at $287.50, subject to one-half of a $75.00 legacy charged thereon by Lemual Warner, deceased, which has been elected and retained by said widow under act of June 4, 1883, and that the same will be approved by the Court on the first Monday of August, 1917, unless exceptions thereto be filed before said time.

FRANK SASSERMAN,
C. O. C.

NOTICE.

Pennsylvania State Highway Department, Harrisburg, Pa. Sealed proposals will be received at said office until 10 a. m., August 14, 1917, when bids will be publicly opened and scheduled, and contract awarded as soon thereafter as possible, for the reconstruction of 2,454 linear feet of vitrified Block pavement, 16 feet and 20 feet wide, situate in Belle-Borough, Centre County, State-aid Application No. 456. Plans and specifications may be seen at office of State Highway Department, Harrisburg, 1001 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, 904 Hartje Building, Pittsburgh, and Temple Court Building, Bellefonte, Pa. Full particulars and information on application to Frank B. Black, State Highway Commissioner.

HAVE YOU A

Horse, Cow, Sheep or Hog?

If so, take care of them. There is nothing better to keep them in good condition than

Green's Condition Powder

Full Pound 35 cents.

GREEN'S PHARMACY CO.

The Rexall Store

BELLEFONTE - PA.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

By virtue of a writ of Fieri Facias issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Centre County, Pennsylvania, and to me directed, there will be exposed to public sale at the Court House, in the Borough of Bellefonte, Pennsylvania, on

MONDAY, AUGUST 6th, 1917,

at 1:30 o'clock P. M., the following described real estate, to wit:

All that certain messuage, tenement and lot of ground situate in the Borough of Howard, Centre County, Pa., consisting of two purparts, bounded and described as follows:

No. 1. Beginning at a point formerly White Oak stump, thence by land formerly of N. P. Riddle, thence South 29¾ degrees East 41.3 perches to stone, thence by land formerly of Hon. William Allison North 59 degrees East 11.7 perches to stone, thence by land formerly of William Leathers North 29¾ degrees West 40.3 perches to stone, thence by land formerly of A. S. Tipton South 6¼ degrees West 11.7 perches to the place of beginning, containing 3 acres net.

No. 2. Beginning at stones thence along public street North 43¼ degrees East 165 feet to stone, thence along land formerly of Absalem Tipton estate South 29¾ degrees East 54 feet to stones, thence along Tract No. 1 above described South 62 degrees West 193 feet to the place of beginning. Said two purparts being one contiguous property and having thereon erected dwelling house and other outbuildings.

Seized, levied upon, taken into execution, and to be sold as the property of Mrs. John Earle, Admrx. of Mrs. Wm. Rimert (Jane Rimert) and Wm. Rimert.

TERMS OF SALE—No deed will be acknowledged until the purchase money is paid in full.

Sheriff's Office, Bellefonte, Pa.
July 12, 1917.

GEO. H. YARNELL, Sheriff.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

By virtue of a writ of Levari Facias issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Centre County, Pennsylvania and to me directed, there will be exposed to public sale at the Court House, in the Borough of Bellefonte, Pa., on

FRIDAY, AUGUST 3, 1917

at 1:30 P. M., the following described real estate, to wit:

All that certain lot of ground situate in the Borough of Millesburg, County of Centre and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to wit: Beginning on the East side of the Bellefonte and Philipsburg Turnpike at the line of L. T. Eddy, thence exten ling along said Turnpike North 48 feet to lot of William Miles; thence East 200 feet, thence South 48 feet to lot L. T. Eddy; thence West 200 feet to the place of beginning. Having theron erected a two story frame dwelling house.

Seized, levied upon, taken into execution, and to be sold as the property of William H. Smith, A. Frank Smith, Lee R. Smith, Claude W. Smith and Alfred Smith, being all the heirs and legal representatives of Alfred S. Smith, late of the Borough of Milesburg, County of Centre and State of Pennsylvania, deceased, defendants and real owners, and all terre tenants, if any there be.

TERMS OF SALE—No deed will be acknowledged until the purchase money is paid in full.

Sheriff's Office, Bellefonte, Pa.,
July 9th, 1917.

GEO. H. YARNELL, Sheriff.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

By virtue of several writs of FieriFacias issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Centre County, Pennsylvania, and to me directed, there will be exposed to public sale at the Court House, in the Borough of Bellefonte, Pa., on

FRIDAY, AUGUST 3, 1917

at 1:30 P. M. the following described real estate, to wit:

All that certain messuage, tenement and lot of ground situate in the Borough of Milesburg, County of Centre and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows: bounded on the South and East by an alley, on the North by lot of George Carson, and on the West by Turnpike Street, fronting eighty-five(85) feet on Turnpike Street and extending on said alley, being known as the Tannery lot. Being the same premises which Robert Shirk's executors, by their deed dated October 5, 1889, and recorded in Deed Book 61, page 231, granted and conveyed to the said William H. Smith. And having thereon erected a frame stable.

Seized, levied upon, taken into execution and to be sold as the property of W. H. Smith, A. F. Smith, Lee R. Smith and Clair W Smith.

TERMS OF SALE:—No deed will be acknowledged until purchase money is paid in full.

Sheriff's Office, Bellefonte., Pa.
July 9, 1917.

GEO. H. YARNELL, Sheriff.

NOTICE IN DIVORCE.

Alice Marie McDonaid vs. Chester H. McDonald. In The Court of Common Pleas of Centre County, No 47 February Term, 1917.

IN RE-DIVORCE

To Chester H. McDonald:—

Whereas your wife Alice Marie McDonald, has filed a libel in the Court of Common Pleas of Centre County, No. 47 February Term, 1917, praying for a divorce against you, now you are hereby notified and requested to appear on or before the fourth Monday of September, 1917, to answer the complaint of your wife, Alice Marie McDonald, and to show cause, if any you have, why the said Alice Marie McDonald should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered with you, and in default of such appearance you will be liable to have a divorce granted in your absence.

Sheriff's Office, Bellefonte, Pa.
June 19, 1917.

GEO. H. YARNELL, Sheriff.

NOTICE IN DIVORCE.

Lucetta Pease McCullough vs. Edward B. McCullough. In the Court of Common Pleas of Centre County. No 5 May Term, 1917.

IN RE-DIVORCE

To Edward B. McCullough:—

Whereas your wife Lucetta Pease McCullough, has filed a libel in the Court of Common Pleas of Centre County, No.5 May Term, 1917, praying for a divorce against you, now you are hereby notified and requested to appear on or before the fourth Monday of September 1917, to answer the complaint of your wife, Lucette Pease McCullough, and show cause, if any you have, why the said Lucetta McCullough should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered with you, and in default of such appearance you will be liable to have a divorce granted in your absence.

Sheriff's Office, Bellefonte, Pa.
June 19, 1917.

GEO. H. YARNELL, Sheriff.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of John G. Dubbs, late of Spring township, deceased.

Letters testamentary on the Estate of John G. Dubbs, late of Spring Township, Centre County, Pennsylvania, deceased, have been granted to the undersigned, to whom all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment and those having claims or demands will make known the same without delay.

JOHN E. DUBBS,
Executor,
Bellefonte, Pa.

W. Harrison Walker,
Attorney for the Estate

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of Rachael M. Stine.

Letters of administration on the estate of Rachael M. Stine, deceased, late of Bellefonte Borough, Centre County, Pennsylvania, have been granted to the undersigned, to whom all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment and those having claims or demands to mail or present the same duly authenticated to Harry Keller, Esq., Bellefonte, Pa.

HARRY KELLER, C. T. A.
Administrator.

ESTRAY NOTICE.

One black cow with white middle and white star in forehead, about five years old, strayed from the 28th of June 1917. Five dollars reward offered for finding and returning above property to HARRY ZAZWINSKEY, Cato, Pa.

Penny-A-Word Column

ARCHITECT—Anna W. Keichline, Bellefonte, Pa.

FOR SALE—Badger Dairy Feed, 24 per cent Protein, go to J. S. Waite & Co.

FOR RENT—Desirable house, with bath. Inquire of A. E. Schad, Bellefonte, Pa.

FOR RENT—Five room house on north Penn street. Inquire of Herbert Auman, Bellefonte.

Fire insurance and automobile at a reduced rate.
4-mo J. M. KEICHLINE, Agent.

FOR SALE—Building lots for sale or rent. Inquire Green's Pharmacy Co., Bellefonte, Pa.

FOR SALE—A Maxwell touring car—1916 model. Inquire of Montgomery & Co., Bellefonte, Pa.

LET MADAM KOSMOS—Help you by giving your Life Prediction. Send birth date and dime. E. K. KOSMOS, Box 291, Louisville, Ky.

FOR SALE.—One hundred acres, more or less, adjoining the borough of Milesburg. Inquire at Green's Pharmacy, Bellefonte, Pa.

SINGLE MEN—Tenant men wanted on farms at once. Come prepared to start work; $30 to $45 per month. Empire Agency, 140 Castle St., Geneva, N. Y.

FOR SALE—Walnut bed room suite with a marble top bureau and washstand. Inquire of Mrs. Chas. Segner, Boalsburg, Pa.

AGENTS.—Big pay and automobile furnished free to agents placing sample of new necessity with automobile owners. Address President, Orolo Manufacturing Co., Louisville, Ky.

FOR SALE—$100.00 Typewriter, Remington No. 10 Visible, slightly used, as good as new. Must sell quick. $65.00. J. H. Engel, 527 Pine St., Williamsport, Pa.

FOR SALE—One good as new (used 4 days) Keeler boiler; 400 square feet of actual radiation and a commercial rating 530 square feet.

T. A. Hugg, Milesburg.

FOR SALE—Five lots on North Spring Street, Bellefonte, 42½x200 feet, with large shade trees in front; also 100 acres, more or less, adjoining Milesburg borough. Inquire of Green's Pharmacy, Bellefonte, Pa.

LOST—Black cow, with mark about the size of an egg on left jaw. Strayed away two or three days ago and probably has calf by this time. Any information leave at Budinger & Co. Store at Clarence, or Cato Store, at Cato.—Steve Seposh, Cato, Pa.

AGENTS WANTED—Free to demonstrators Ovee Vacuum Butter Maker. New marvelous invention Makes butter 4c. pound. Retails $1.50. Saves its cost first 10 minutes. Thousands will be sold. $25 daily easy. Act quick. Ovee Manufacturing Company, Louisville, Kentucky.

AGENTS WANTED—$25 to $50 Weekly in a business of your own. Don't be an Agent. Start in the Gold, Silver, Nickel etc. Plating Business. Prof. Gray's outfits are practical and complete. Work easy, profit enormous. Every family, restaurant, shop has tableware, jewelry, metal goods of all kinds to be re-plated. Every other business over-crowded—no plating shops. A grand opening in your section. Will you grasp it? Address today. GRAY & CO., Plating Works, 150 Gray Bldg., CINCINNATI O.

The Strategy of Love

Amusing Conflict In Which Both Parties Win.

By HENRY LINSLEY DOOLITTLE

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"The trouble with these magazine love stories," Jimmy was asserting, "is that they're not true to life. The real love of everyday people isn't interesting enough to spread over paper like so much honey upon bread."

"But there is plenty of true romance as interesting and as novel as the magazine plots," protested Valeria.

He glared at the heap of periodicals as if he had a personal grudge against one and all. "Ninety-nine out of a hundred of these yarns end up sugary in less than no time," he grumbled, "while in real life"—

"A man must wait until he is thoroughly in earnest," she finished.

Together they had mastered Monument mountain, one of the most precipitous in the Berkshires.

Jimmy picked up a handful of the current magazines and began a stubborn quest for examples to bear out his contention. If they were all so true to life, why hadn't he succeeded better?

"Take this story, for instance," he cried. "A young lady wishes to test the sterling worth of a fellow whom she is about to meet, so she crawls along a back casement, gains admittance to his bachelor apartment through a moaning appeal to his mercy and, after receiving his promise of protection, admits that she is a fugitive lady's maid in possession of some of her mistress' finery. Just as the other conspirators knock, he hides her and bravely faces their charge of concealing a woman in his apartment. They depart, leaving in their wake all manner of base insinuations, and then, presto, my lady emerges and owns up to the test he has been made to undergo. Now, in real life he would have been too angry, and justly, to forgive her, but just see how the story ends." He pointed a tragic finger to the last paragraph of the story.

"However farfetched that may have been," decreed Valeria, "it is but a single instance. Remember the Indian girl to whom constancy was dearer than life."

"Merely a legend," asserted the positive Jimmy.

"Oh, go away. You're as cynical as an old bachelor today."

He turned to another magazine. "Ah, here's a typical example," running his eye through the plot: "The heroine saves the hero from drowning in an ice hole. So far, so good—that might happen. Then he proposes, and, though she knew full well that he was in love with her and she with him and that for some time he had been on the ragged edge of coming to the point, she indignantly refuses him because of what people might say or think."

"IS THE AUTHOR'S NAME ROBERT FRANKLIN?" SHE WHISPERED.

"Well, I am not so sure but that I should have done the same myself."

"No more skating for us on Prospect park lake," asseverated the other, with great finality.

"What happens next?"

"Why, then, mirabile dictu, by rare good fortune her gown catches fire while they are heatedly arguing the matter before a huge open fireplace, and he saves her life, thus balancing accounts. Oh, yes, a very pretty story, but in real life—bah!"

"It isn't fair to pick out only exaggerated examples," said Valeria.

"No," he admitted, "in a typical case the beautiful heroine would sprain her ankle. Thereupon the hero would enter in the nick of time to save her from some dreadful calamity, receiving her eternal love as a just reward."

She laughed indulgently.

Jimmy turned to still another magazine, remarking presently: "Here's a love story of another type—scene, an emergency Red Cross hospital. An injured army officer falls deeply in love with his nurse; but, as is often the case, he has a dependent mother. He frankly avows his position to the nurse, who, in return for this confidence, refuses to divulge her true name and address. He asserts, nevertheless, that he will find her as soon as his circumstances admit, if he has to search the country through, and then—why what is the matter, Valeria?"

With a half startled gasp she clutched wildly for the magazine.

"Is the author's name Robert—Robert Franklin?" she whispered.

"Let's see. Yes, that's right. Why?"

"Oh, don't ask me to explain," she begged. "Yet you have doubted, and I must tell some one. Will you promise—will you promise never to tell a soul?"

Her halting words, low with intensity, struck a chill of premonition to his heart. What so vital to her life lay concealed within that magazine story?

"Will you promise?" she repeated in that same tense whisper.

"Promise? Why, you know that I would promise you anything, Valeria. But for heaven's sake don't prolong the agony," added Jimmy, totally unconscious that he was at the moment as melodramatic as the maligned writers of love stories could picture a man.

"It all started at the time of the war," she began. "I was only eighteen then, young and romantic. Yes, I suppose I mistook romance for patriotism," she pursued reflectively, gazing far across the valley to Mount Washington, blue veiled in all the grandeur of the distance, "and suddenly I resolved to enlist as a nurse. Father would not hear of it—what did I know of the hardships involved? But I was silently determined, and I had my way too! Some relatives in Florida gave me the opportunity—I would visit them as a ruse. Am I tiring you by my preliminary explanation?"

"Oh, don't mind me," he deprecated ironically. "It seems I don't count in this game."

She smiled slightly, only to resume after a momentary hesitation: "Everything went my way, even to my gaining access to the hospital without the regulation requirements. You see, a nurse was taken ill just as I arrived, and I stepped into her place, filling it as best I might. And then 'he' came badly wounded, but, oh, so brave!"

She stopped short to fasten her roving eyes on Jimmy's face.

"Go on," he urged bitterly. "It is a great place for confidences, so far above the littleness of our everyday existence."

She turned to hide a smile, continuing: "I nursed him for three weeks, every day of which was harder for both of us. He insisted upon leaving that he would advertise broadcast for his nurse as soon as possible. I could think of nothing but newspaper personals, and I never read them, but he has been so original. He certainly has advertised broadcast, and instead of paying for it he has made the advertising medium pay him!"

"Don't! How can you be so trivial at such a time?" he implored.

Suddenly her mood changed to one of bitter self denunciation.

"Won't you forgive me, Jimmy?" she begged. "Oh, how I have lied to you, all the while leading you to believe in my perfect sincerity! Won't you forgive me—and forget?" Impulsively she rested both hands on his shoulder.

"I forgive you," he repeated, "but I can't say the rest. I guess you know why, Valeria."

Again her mood changed, like the mood of an April day.

"Now will you admit that true romance sometimes lies between the covers?" she playfully demanded.

"I'll admit anything you wish. You can't hurt me deeper."

"Oh, goody!" She clapped her hands in ecstasy, then, slowly rubbing her eyes, added lightly, "Now that you've owned up to being in the wrong I may as well admit that I've had such a pleasant dream." As she finished speaking Valeria regarded him cautiously.

"Do you mean to say that you fashioned that out of whole cloth as you went along?" he demanded in bewilderment.

"Why, yes; I suppose so. But I gave you a good fit, didn't I? I just had to do it to show you what might have happened in real life, for it is not polite, you know, to contradict a lady."

"I've a good mind to shake you."

"It isn't polite to shake a lady either," was the ready retort.

For a moment he was silent.

"You aren't angry, are you?" she coaxed. "You know you just said you'd forgive my fibbing. After your savage arraignment of the girl who crawled along the back casement to trap a man I was afraid you might have as poor an opinion of me, so in self protection I had to get your advance promise of forgiveness."

"But there is such a thing as adding insult to injury," he muttered almost crossly.

"It was such a pretty romance. You oughtn't to get angry; really you oughtn't," protested Valeria.

Jimmy seemed to be busy pondering some new point. "How in the deuce did you know the author's name?" he asked at length.

"I read the story yesterday. That was easy."

"Well, I'll be"— But exactly what he would be did not transpire.

"Wasn't that a pretty romance?" she persisted.

"Why, you're a whole romance and theatrical troupe combined," answered he, with a sigh of relieved admiration, "only don't do it again; don't, Valeria."

"And how jealous you were of my army officer! Now I know that you really do care for me, silly boy."

To conceal a smile that would play hide and seek about her lips she dropped to her knees and began searching the grass.

"Did you ever find a four leafed clover, Jimmy?" she asked at last, with a sidelong glance to catch his mood.

He was gazing across the peaceful landscape, apparently unconscious of her absence from his side. At the question he turned abruptly and shook his head.

"If you haven't perseverance enough even to find a four leafed clover you shouldn't expect to win out," she decreed severely.

He dropped down beside her, uprooting whole handfuls of clover leaves in his eagerness to disprove her verdict. For a time neither spoke.

At last she stole a glance in his direction. He had abandoned the quest and was sadly watching a thin ribbon of smoke, all that could be seen of the afternoon express on its downward journey through Great Barrington to the city.

"Why are you so lugubrious?" she ventured.

"Do you really want to know why I am cynical today? Perhaps I had better tell you—in fact, I brought you here to explain and to ask your advice."

"Why, what has gone wrong, Jimmy?" At once her voice and manner were warm with sympathetic interest.

"I just heard from dad this morning, and a nice sort of letter it was. He wants me to start for San Francisco tomorrow. You see, his western business is badly snarled, and he has ticketed me through to unravel the knots. If I go it may mean a big feather in my cap, while if I stay"— He shrugged his shoulders.

HE HURLED THE OFFENDING MAGAZINE OVER THE CLIFF.

"You would have to leave on the morning train?" demanded Valeria.

"That's about the size of it."

"And miss all of the good times we had planned for this week?"

Jimmy nodded.

"Then don't go. Oh, what have I been saying? Yes, go—of course you'll go," she insisted. "What right have I to keep you from success? And, when you are miles away, remember that I did not try to turn you from your duty."

She shivered as the shadow crept over the mountain top.

Lazily Jimmy rubbed his eyes. "Come to think of it, I guess that was only a dream too," he meditated aloud.

"Jimmy Castleton, do you mean to tell me that—that"— She could get no further.

"Confession is good for the heart, but you must remember that you it was who taught me the trick of borrowing from between the covers. It's the first real benefit I've ever derived from magazine stories. I shall take more interest in future. I watched you narrowly—that's what the hero does, isn't it?—and I saw my heroine turn pale, as sure as fate!"

"I didn't! Besides, it's only the villain that watches narrowly. I wouldn't be such a copy cat," she concluded, with withering scorn.

"You did turn white, though," he persisted, in no way abashed. And then he went on to add, using her very words with deliberate aggravation: "Now I know that you really do care for me, silly girl. I didn't think that you, of all persons, Valeria, would tumble into your own net so easily."

"It was just horrid of you to take such a mean, spiteful revenge on me," she cried, her gray eyes flashing storm signals that awakened Jimmy to sudden misgivings.

"Oh, come, now, let's call it quits," he urged. "I'll forget the whole afternoon, if you say so."

She turned away in silence.

With a childish gesture of disgust he hurled the innocent but offending magazine over the cliff.

Still she would not speak.

"Just my luck to make almost a home run and then be put out of the game for talking too much. The devil must have been preaching to me from yonder pulpit," he said resentfully. Then, straightening up with fresh resolution, he added: "I will go to San Francisco now, if that will do any good. Will that do any good, won't you tell me, Val?"

He was so wistfully in earnest that Valeria dimpled into smiles.

"Even there you would know that I—that I—you ought to be ashamed of yourself for scaring me into giving myself away before you had learned to ask me in the proper spirit," she finished lamely, but this time her gray eyes were kindled with a light that portended no storm.

And then—and then—, But, as Jimmy has contended, the real love of everyday people isn't interesting enough to spread over paper, like so much honey upon bread.

MOVING A BIG ARMY

Transporting Troops In Time of War Is a Gigantic Task.

A WORK OF INFINITE DETAIL.

What It Would Mean In Railway Cars of Various Kinds and In Supplies and Equipment to Carry a Million and a Half Men Across the Country.

Before a body of troops is entrained the time and place of every move are mapped out, including the date and place of entraining, destination, time of arrival, route, assembly point, time of troops leaving assembly point, route of assembly point to train, time of arrival at station, time of boarding train, time of departure of train, rate of travel over each section of route, time, place and duration of stops; time and place of feeding troops and animals and a schedule showing the assignment of troops and equipage to each car. Aside from this are countless details connected with procuring supplies, the disposal of troops and their care.

All these preliminary arrangements must be made by an officer of the quartermaster corps. The first thing to be done is to procure lists with weight of all property to be shipped, obtain this material and make out the bill of lading. This, with the number of men and officers, constitutes a basis on which he estimates the number and kind of cars needed. He then engages the cars and provides loading facilities, such as material for blocking and lashing, and constructs necessary ramps, or runways, for entraining animals or wagons.

Next, on the arrival of the cars, he inspects them from a thousand major and minor angles. All cars must be clean. Passenger cars must be fully supplied with water and ice, sufficiently lighted and heated and all other appurtenances in proper condition. Stock cars come in for special attention.

Then the number of men or kind and quantity of supplies allotted to each car is marked on the side or steps, together with the name of the organization. In loading men three are assigned to each section in tourist sleepers or three to each two seats in a day coach.

Another important point is to keep the troops of each unit with all equipment together. This is important in case of sudden attack. Imagine the fate of a unit of troops suddenly detrained at the firing line without equipment!

A possible element of delay lies in the timing of the arrival of troops at the station. There must be no time lost by cars waiting for the troops. The facilities for loading animals and wagons at each station on each route should be part of the quartermaster corps' records. Quick and noiseless loading and unloading of animals without confusion are an art in themselves. Dispositions of individual animals must be studied. Gentle animals should be placed opposite doors and therefore loaded last.

The time of loading and unloading has been carefully tabulated and should not exceed the following: Infantry, one hour; cavalry and light artillery, one and one-half hours; heavy artillery and engineers with bridge train, two hours. All movements, loading, entraining, detraining, feeding and watering and exercising men and horses, are made in military fashion.

With each train kitchen cars are provided. Otherwise baggage cars are fitted up by troops or arrangements made for procuring meals, or at least liquid coffee, at stations en route. Feeding of men and animals is in itself no small matter.

Say the war department was called upon to transport twenty field armies of 82,000 men each, or 1,640,000 men. In moving such a military force the railroads must carry, besides the 1,640,000 men, 700,000 mounts and draft animals, 60,000 vehicles and 3,360 big guns.

To accomplish this the quartermaster corps must have available at the right points 42,300 passenger coaches, 7,700 baggage cars, 21,100 box cars, 37,980 stock cars and 15,500 flat cars, making a total of 124,580 cars, or 7,320 trains with as many engines.

Here is the government's minimum estimate of the gross weight of materials needed each month by this force of 1,640,000 men: Rations, 250,630,460 pounds; ammunition, 7,046,160 pounds; forage, 623,147,600 pounds; general quartermasters' supplies, 33,794,440 pounds; clothing and equipage, 22,680,340 pounds; ordinance supplies other than ammunition, 1,622,740 pounds; engineers' supplies, 12,208,320 pounds; signal supplies, 9,043,260 pounds; medical supplies, 597,160 pounds; candy and tobacco, 319,680 pounds, making a total of 961,089,100 or nearly 1,000,000,000 pounds. The transportation of this enormous weight would require fifty-five trains of thirty cars each day as long as the force was in the field.—Leslie's.

To the Ladies.

Ladies, if you love a man marry him. If you marry him know him. If you know him study him. If you study him humor him. If you humor him flatter him. If you flatter him you will humor him. If you humor him you will study him. If you study him you will know him. If you know him you may divorce him.—Life.

Do not make deposits of carelessness in the bank of time.

THE FORWARD LOOK.

It Is Never Too Late to Make a Fresh Start In Life.

Now and then a man pauses to take account of stock and looks back ruefully over the course of his life to note the many places where he made the wrong turn or was shoved off the track by adverse circumstances. He says to himself, believing what he says, that if he could retrace his steps and take a fresh start, knowing what he knows now, he would not make such a mess of things again.

He can put his finger down on the very spot in the map of his life where he went wrong. There was a blurred place on the trail, where there was no trace of the footprint of any who passed that way and no mark of the woodman's ax upon a tree. It was for him alone to choose the way to take, and in his haste and fever to arrive he chose wrongly and has wandered ever since.

A man plays a game, or runs a race, or conducts a business, or marries a wife, or chooses a friend, or elects a calling, or forms a habit, and by and by the conviction is borne in upon him, like a growth weighing on the brain, that he was in error. Now it is too late to retrieve. He must wear for the remainder of his days the millstone due to the wrong decision.

What is he to do? He strangled his chance newborn. He exchanged his birthright for pottage. It is of no avail to plead that he had bad advisers, that he was misled, that he was the tool of environment, that a base heredity rose up to claim him and a latent taint in the blood broke out and wrought an irreparable mischief.

The past is there, and its legend is deeply graven on his brow or seared by the brand of the iron that has entered into his soul. Can he go back? The years and the closed doors and the finished chapters tell him no.

But the forward look and the futurity provide him with a better way to take. When Mrs. Peterkin, in the story, had spoiled her cup of coffee by putting salt in it and was trying to redeem the error by the neutralizing action of all sorts of chemicals the lady from Philadelphia suggested that she make a fresh cup. Seeing that you can't go back, why not make a fresh start exactly where you are? Decision has a miraculous way of finding a standpoint of rock in the middle of a quicksand.—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Change of Base.

"And now, Bella," said little Mary to her doll, "you must lay down for a while and go to sleep."

"You should say 'lie down,' dear," put in little Mary's mother.

"Bella," said Mary impressively, "I'm going to lie you down, so don't you cry."

"'Lay you down,' dear," came the second gentle correction.

Mary was much puzzled. Whatever she said, it seemed to be wrong. She declined to cope longer with the intricacies of the English language. "Bella," she announced, "I think you better sit up!"—Los Angeles Times.

Kilometers and Miles.

Wireless telegraph transmission distances are often stated in kilometers, nautical miles or statute miles. To convert the number of kilometers to nautical miles, multiply by fifty-four and point off two decimal places. To convert from kilometers to statute miles multiply by sixty-two and point off two places. If the distance is given in statute, or land, miles and you want it expressed in kilometers, multiply the number of miles by 161 and point off two decimal places.—Popular Science Monthly.

Wedding Music.

"Custom," says a writer in the Woman's Home Companion, "has decreed, to be sure, that the simplest and most conventional musical program for a wedding in church is, as some one has tersely expressed it, 'Lohengrin to go in on, Mendelssohn to go out on and something soft during the ceremony.' Something a bit different would be 'Tannhaeuser' to go in on and 'Swedish Wedding March' from 'Hochzeit zu Wulfsberg' to go out on."

Treeless City Streets.

The New York State College of Forestry says that within New York state there are 20,000 miles of street capable of sustaining a growth of 5,000,000 shade trees which can be made worth $100,000,000 in increased property value. Besides making our cities more beautiful, trees are of definite value to health, for by absorbing poisonous gases they purify the air.—Tree Talk.

Nursing Sickly Plants.

Sickly plants, like sickly people, cannot stand extremes. Sickly pot plants may often be more quickly brought back to health by watering with very warm water only. Low vitality will not be raised through the use of chilly water or less than 110 degrees of temperature.

Answering With Another Question.

"What's become of the old fashioned servant girl who used to entertain her beau in the kitchen?"

"Shucks! What's become of the old fashioned kitchen that used to be big enough for a girl to entertain company in?"—Detroit Free Press.

Thoughtful.

"Does the new clerk observe due precaution against fire?"

"He always throws his cigarettes into some one else's wastebasket."—Puck.

Economy is half the battle of life. It is not so hard to earn money as to spend it well.—Spurgeon.

DEATH TO THE MOSQUITO.

Attack the Pest by Warring Upon Its Breeding Places.

By doing away with breeding places such as tin cans, broken crockery and various receptacles that hold water, by the drainage of bodies of water likely to contain immature mosquitoes, by application of oil to bodies of water that cannot be drained or the introduction of fish into pools that cannot either be drained or oiled millions of mosquitoes may be destroyed.

Water is necessary for the life of the mosquito. The eggs which are laid on the surface of the water by the adult mosquito hatch in from twenty-four hours to several days, depending on the temperature. The larvae issue from the lower ends of the eggs and wriggle about in the water.

The larvae of the house mosquito rest with the tips of the abdomen at the surface of the water and the heads hanging downward. The larvae of the malaria fever mosquito lie parallel with the surface of the water to obtain air. In from one week to ten days they change to another form, the pupae, which have two respiratory tubes on the thorax. These pupae float in the water and transform to adults in from five to six days. The adults winter in the dormant condition.

The germ causing malaria fever has been carefully and repeatedly traced through its life history, and it has with certainty been found to pass a part of its existence in man and part in the body of the mosquito. By the bite of the mosquito the malarial fever organism is transmitted to man. No practical methods have been devised to destroy adult mosquitoes. All successful methods so far have been to check their numbers by either doing away with hiding places or by destroying the young mosquitoes.

Kerosene oil applied to the water surface at the rate of one-half teacupful to one barrel of water or one ounce of kerosene to fifteen square feet of water is sufficient to destroy any young mosquitoes that might be present in the water. An application of the kerosene should be made every fifteen days.

RHODES DIED UNSATISFIED.

His Last Words Were, "So Little Done, So Much to Do."

"So little done, so much to do."

This was the sigh of Cecil Rhodes, one of the greatest men the world ever knew. John Hays Hammond, who knew him well, tells about Rhodes in the American Magazine. He says:

"The achievements of Rhodes are almost unthinkable. Long before American trusts were attempted he formed what was then the greatest business combination in history and became absolute autocrat of the diamond business of the whole world. He organized a huge consolidation of gold companies. He was the first financier courageous enough to institute deep level mining on the Rand, the method on which now depends the future of the greatest of all gold fields.

"No Roman emperor ever won more territory than Rhodes brought under his native British flag. Through the chartered company, incorporated in 1889, he added to the British colonial dominions territory equal to the combined areas of the British isles, France, Prussia, Austria and Spain. He made possible the federation of all South African states and planned to link Cape Colony and Cairo by rail, a project that he carried halfway to fruition before he was cut off by death when he was only forty-nine years old.

"Yet with this record of empire building behind him his last words as he lay dying were these:

"'So little done, so much to do.'"

Health Examinations.

"Periodic health examinations are the best safeguard against degenerative diseases," says a leading physician. "It is as foolish for a man to neglect his health and not consult a physician until he suffers acute pain as it would be for a business man to go without having his books balanced until after he had gone into bankruptcy. Every man should be compelled to take a physical examination and learn just how he can improve his health. To know what you lack is the first step toward getting it."

Chances For Success.

I have many times been asked if, in my opinion, the young man of today had as good chance to make his mark in the business world as did his elders. My answer is, "Never since our pilgrim fathers landed on the shores of Plymouth were the opportunities for the young man's success greater than they are today. It is for him to determine whether he will be a success or not."—Stephen A. Knight.

A Mathematician.

"Daddy," said Bobby, who was eating an apple, "what would be worse than finding a worm in this apple?"

"I do not know, son, unless it would be worse to find two worms."

"No," said Bobby. "It would be worse to find half of a worm."—Everybody's.

So He Does.

"Why don't you open the door? That may be opportunity knocking."

"It's much more apt to be a bill collector."

"Well, if you only knew it, a bill collector offers a good opportunity to get out of debt."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

The Ideal

"I expect to have a great deal of trouble breaking in our new cook."

"Oh, you just let her alone and she'll attend to all the breaking."—San Francisco Chronicle.

Stolen Money Restored

Good Luck That Came to a Man Through a Burglar.

By HOWARD FIELDING

"In payment of a debt which you may not remember."

These words were typewritten on a plain sheet of paper. There was neither address nor signature, neither date nor place. The envelope bore my name in full, and I had found it with my morning's mail on the leaf of my desk.

My surprise was complete when the contents greeted my eyes with the agreeable green of the national currency. Many bank bills, tightly folded, were wrapped in the single sheet of paper which I have mentioned. The total sum was $969.

I will not attempt to describe the perplexity into which I was thrown by this mysterious communication.

After cudgeling my brains for some hours I reached the very annoying conclusion that this money must have been sent to me by a Mrs. Colvin, whom I had come to know when I lived at my grandfather's house in Montclair.

After the sudden death of her husband I assisted her in settling the estate and in so doing spent some of my own money, which fact I studiously concealed. I was a suitor for the hand of Mrs. Colvin's daughter at that time and had a faint hope, which was speedily quenched, though not my love, alas!

I would rather that almost anything else had happened than that Mrs. Colvin should have discovered her debt to me. Unfortunately she had considerably overpaid me, yet the money must have come from her, for there was no other explanation. It remained, then, for me to go to Mrs. Colvin, whom I had not seen in more than a year, and render her a true account, returning the balance now due her.

With this purpose I went to Montclair in the afternoon of the following day. I walked slowly and went out of my way to pass my grandfather's house, untenanted since his death, and there I paused some minutes, looking up at the shuttered windows and recalling the tragedy which had cut him off in what he used cheerily to call "the prime of old age." We found him dead upon the floor of his chamber one morning, and his hands were clinched tightly upon the collar and sleeve of a rough coat of dark cloth. This garment was a burglar's. My grandfather had discovered the man in his room, had sprung from his bed to grapple with the thief and had died of his own too violent exertions, for his heart had been weakened by a recent serious illness. We discovered that the burglar had entered by a window of my room and, after relieving me of a considerable sum of money, had passed to my grandfather's apartment, where the silent, swift and fatal struggle had occurred and whence the intruder, stripped of his coat, had escaped into the night.

Mrs. Colvin's house, when I came to it, looked cheery and homelike in com-

"HOW DID YOU LEARN THAT I WAS PRESSED FOR MONEY?" SHE ASKED.

parison with the great empty mansion that I had just left. A servant answered my summons and greeted me with surprise and voluble joy.

"There's nobody at home," said she after paying her respects to me. "But Mrs. Colvin will be back soon. Miss Amy and Mr. Durland have gone to the ball game."

Mr. Durland was a young man who, upon my recommendation, had been taken as a boarder by Mrs. Colvin shortly after her husband's death, for it seemed advisable for her to increase her income in this way. He was a writer and had made some successes of late, as I happened to know, but it had been nearly two years since I had seen him.

"Mr. Durland is still here?" said I.

"Indeed he is, for good and all," the woman answered. "Didn't you know that Miss Amy was engaged to him?"

I shook my head.

"Yes," said she. "They're to be married next month. He's getting along fine now. He's writing plays."

"Plays?" I repeated, scarce knowing that I spoke.

She came to my side and pointed through an open window.

"He writes 'em in there," said she. "There's his table and his typewriter."

"Do you suppose," said I, "that Mr. Durland would object to my using his typewriter for about two minutes, while I'm waiting? I would like to write a little note."

She made haste to show me into the author's study, and presently I had written upon a sheet of heavy typewriter paper the words, "In payment of the debt which you may not remember."

The result was even more conclusive than I had hoped. The irregularities that had appeared in the original were faithfully reproduced in my copy. Beyond a doubt the line accompanying the money which had been sent to me had been written with this instrument.

I returned to the veranda, and presently Mrs. Colvin came. She greeted me with sincere good will and without a trace of embarrassment.

"Mrs. Colvin," said I, "there is a small matter of business between us. I have recently been led to review the old accounts, and I find that there has been an error. I owe you something like a hundred dollars."

She regarded me shrewdly, with an interest which I would venture to call affectionate.

"How did you learn that I was pressed for money?" she asked, and then, after a pause: "But you needn't tell me. It is very kind of you to offer me this help, and I do need it. I had to make an unexpected payment"—

"And by a singular coincidence," I interrupted, "I received an unexpected payment. The sum was $969."

"And you don't know who sent it," she said. "How odd! This seems like some romantic restitution. Have you ever been robbed? Why, yes, surely—when you lived here. How much was it that was taken?"

"Eight hundred and fifty dollars," I replied.

"And this sum?"

"Was $969."

There was a moment's silence. Then she said, hesitating, "Could—could there be—interest, perhaps?"

Mental arithmetic has been my forte since childhood, but this was the quickest calculation that ever I made: Eight hundred and fifty dollars, with 6 per cent interest for twenty-eight months, 1.14×850=969. I saw it in a flash, and it fairly stunned me.

Sydney Durland, accepted suitor of the woman I loved, had striven to ease his conscience on the eve of marriage by making this restitution, and in so doing he had put his liberty and perhaps his life into my hands.

"Well," said Mrs. Colvin, smiling, "what do you think of my explanation?"

I made a jest of it and turned her mind away.

Mrs. Colvin insisted that I should stay to dinner, and as it had now become necessary that I should see Durland I accepted the invitation. So we passed to indifferent topics of conversation and finally to Amy's approaching marriage, and I heard much praise of Durland.

"He has changed so much!" said she. "I confess that when he first came here and I began to know him I was almost afraid of him, he had such despondent and desperate views of life. But he is a different man now."

Some matter of the household demanded Mrs. Colvin's attention, and I was left alone with harrowing thoughts. I am a narrow man in my judgment of character and have small faith in reformation. I saw Amy Colvin about to marry a thief and housebreaker, a man of weak principle and criminal tendencies.

I was aroused from this black reverie by the sound of Amy's voice, and, looking through the vine covered trellis, I saw her at the gate with Durland. He entered alone, and she went on, doubtless upon some errand to a neighbor's house. I saw how this momentary parting tugged at their hearts. I read the love in her eyes, and my whole being became one agony of bitterness and loss.

Durland came up the walk, his head turned over his shoulder, his eyes following her, as a heedless child runs upon danger in the delight of play. He tripped upon the steps and the next instant looked up into my face. Not only did the blood ebb away from his cheeks, but the bronze of the sun seemed to be washed out of them. He put up his hand to his heart, and his lips fell open.

He assumed instantly that I had traced his money back to him and had discovered his offense.

"Durland," said I, "the truth! I demand it."

He ascended the steps unsteadily and staggered into the house, beckoning me to follow him, but when we had reached his room I saw that he had regained command of himself. Facing me and speaking in a firm tone, he said:

"This is my story: I never had any money. When I was in college I got into debt, and—and I stayed in debt. I never owed as much as $1,000 nor ever saw a day when I was not driven by some obligation and harassed so that I couldn't put my mind upon my work. Worry killed my earnings. Do you understand that? I suppose not.

"In February two years and four months ago, shortly after I came here to live, my affairs were at their worst. I was menaced by all sorts of petty dishonor and disgrace. I could not work or sleep or think. My mind seemed to burst like a soap bubble whenever I tried to hold it upon any problem of my daily life, even the most simple.

"Now, if a man can't think he can't go on living. He'd better use his last rational moment to get out of the game. That's the way it looked to me. I sat in this room one night in the dark, and I had not mental concentration enough to take off my clothes and go to bed. I took a revolver out of my trunk and loaded it and then didn't know what to do with it. My machinery had run down.

"I opened that window and sat there in a freezing draft an hour or more, I guess. By and by I saw a man coming along the street in his shirt sleeves, and it gave me a notion that I was cold, but I hadn't sense enough to move away from the window. So I sat there and was vaguely surprised to see the man enter the yard and come up on the veranda. Presently he got in through the window, not seeing me, for I had drawn back behind the curtain.

"He walked to the middle of the room, and there was a suit of my clothes lying over a chair. He was about to put on the coat when I saw

SHE GAVE A LITTLE CRY OF SURPRISE AT SIGHT OF ME.

him stoop and feel of a knee of his trousers, which was all torn open. Then I saw him take his waistcoat and trousers off and lay his hands again upon my clothes.

"At that moment I stepped forward from behind the curtain and out of the dark shadow, and I pointed my revolver at the man. 'Hands up!' said I, merely mechanically. It was just a memory of old stories. I didn't really care whether he put up his hands or not.

"He gave a cry like an explosive moan, if you can fancy one, and made a dive for the window. I didn't try to stop him; I stood stock still, wondering. It may have been four or five minutes that I stood there before the humor of the situation dawned upon me. A burglar had entered my room and had got away with nothing, not even his own trousers. I laughed, and it did me good.

"Presently I lighted the gas and examined my plunder. In the waistcoat were a gun metal watch and half a dollar. In the trousers were some small tools of the burglar's trade, two handkerchiefs, a little vial of chloroform and $850 in bills.

"So far as I remember, I sat and stared at that money all the rest of the night until there came the usual knock upon my door at 7 o'clock to wake me up. I arose and locked the burglar's clothes in my trunk, but the money I put into my pocket. I had a cup of coffee, took the 8 o'clock train for the city, spent about $800 in squaring up my debts and came back here in the afternoon. Then I heard of the affair at your house and realized the position in which I stood.

"It seemed to me, in my muddled state of mind, that the real burglar must be caught and that I could then come forward safely and tell my story. The days went by; the man was never found. He must have stolen some clothes from another house and escaped safely from this town. By the time that this dawned upon me I had lost my opportunity, or so it seemed to me. At any rate, I dared not—I dared not tell my story.

"There, Marshall; there's the truth. That money was the making of me; absolutely my salvation and the foundation of my career. But I stole it—stole it from a thief. And now"—

A tap at the door. We exchanged a glance; then Durland called. "Come in."

It was Amy, and she gave a little cry of surprise at the sight of me.

"I have interrupted you," said she after a friendly greeting, for no doubt we showed the effects of a strained interview.

"Not in the least," said I. "We have discussed a bit of business and have come to a most satisfactory understanding. So there's an end of care, and with an easy mind I turn toward the brighter side of life. Congratulations and best wishes."

And for a moment we three stood with clasped hands.

The Two Codes.

Bishop Patterson said at a banquet in Columbus:

"The world will be a better place when a uniform morality prevails everywhere. Nowadays it's quite moral to do a friend in business, whereas in society to do one's friend is wrong.

"A young millionaire once said:

"'I'm in a quandary about my future. I can't decide whether to go on Wall street and live up to my late father's reputation or to go into society and live it down.'"—Washington Star.

TRICKING THE CREDULOUS.

Lures of Gold Brick Schemes For the Small Investors.

Will persons with money never learn how to take care of it? Will they never guard themselves against the horde of tricksters who make a business of taking advantage of the credulous and especially of credulous women?

Bear in mind that no one will make money for you when he can make it for himself. If he offers to give you the key to wealth, suspect him, for such keys are kept by their possessors and are not given away to strangers.

The postoffice a year or two ago showed that over $150,000,000 had been lost by persons who listened to the gold brick schemers, but the game still goes on despite the vigilance of the postoffice department and the passage of protective measures, known as "blue sky laws," by many states.

Will the people never learn to discount the alluring literature which these shysters send out and which is written for them by some of the sharpest and brightest writers of our day, whose services can be easily obtained for a few dollars?

I advise my readers who receive these tempting propositions to send them at once to the postmaster general at Washington for investigation. That is the business of the postoffice department, and it will be only too happy to take up such matters.

Small investors are particularly the victims of these bunko schemes, for the false notion prevails that a man or woman with a small amount of money cannot buy high class investment securities such as successful investors prefer. This is erroneous. An investment can now be made in the best of paying securities with as small an amount as $10 through the partial payment plan, which is readily understood, though the term may sound formidable.—Leslie's Weekly.

A LITTLE PIECE OF LEAD.

The Costliest Thing This World of Ours Has Ever Known.

Just think of one small piece of lead, probably weighing less than an ounce, that cost the world some $100,000,000,000 in money, probably $100,000,000,000 in property, more than 11,000,000 lives and individual suffering and loss impossible of computation—a bit of lead that embroiled in war Germany, Austria-Hungary, Britain, France, Belgium, the United States, Turkey, Siberia, Italy, Montenegro, Roumania, Bulgaria, Albania, Egypt, Canada, Australia, China, Japan, South Africa, India and Russia and brought every other nation to the brink of internal trouble or outward disaster, the consequences of which are being felt by every human being, civilized or uncivilized, white, black, yellow or brown!

That small piece of lead was fired from a pistol in the hands of a crack brained youth of Servian nativity into the body of the heir to the Austrian throne. The troubles arising from this mad act and its punishment set fire to the powder trains in Europe and led to hostile act after hostile act and finally and suddenly to open war in 1914.

That little piece of lead should be preserved as a memorial to all future generations and as the costliest thing mankind has ever known. It would become the greatest silent teacher the world has ever seen. It would teach restraint for the weak minded and violent; it would teach the importance of minor acts and things; it would teach peace as no costly monument, no book of horrors, no painting of tragedy could ever teach it.—Detroit Free Press.

Ox Bones.

Ox bones have a considerable value. The four feet of an ordinary ox will make a pint of neat's foot oil. The thigh bone is the most valuable, being useful for cutting into toothbrush handles. The fore leg bones are made into collar buttons and parasol handles. The water in which the bones are boiled is reduced to glue, while the dust which comes from sawing the bones is turned into food for cattle and poultry.—Exchange.

Fine Canal Locks.

Some of the locks in the New York barge canal are the finest in the world, the five at Waterford being the greatest series of high lift locks in existence. They have a combined lift of 169 feet, one foot less than the total lift of every lock in the Panama canal. The upper gates weigh forty tons and the lower about 100 tons.

Dislocation of the Hip Joint.

In demonstrating his now famous method of replacing in its socket a hip that has been dislocated since birth Dr. John Ridlon of the Presbyterian hospital, Chicago, said most of these cases were girls and in most of them it was the left hip. He could not offer any suggestion as to why this should be so.

Duets Popular.

Patience—What kind of singing do you prefer, solos or duets?

Patrice—Oh, duets, by all means.

"Well, come over to the house some time and I'll start the phonograph and the parrot going at the same time."—Yonkers Statesman.

Natural Tendency.

"Pop, do all trades have their own diseases?"

"So they say, son."

"Then is it only carpenters that have shingles?"—Baltimore American.

Gossipy.

"Mrs. Gasley is a great gossip."

"Yes. She has a good sense of rumor."—Puck.

Advertise in "The Republican"

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Cape May, Wildwood

Ocean City, Sea Isle City and Other Resorts

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Annual Asbury Park Ocean Grove Excursion August 23

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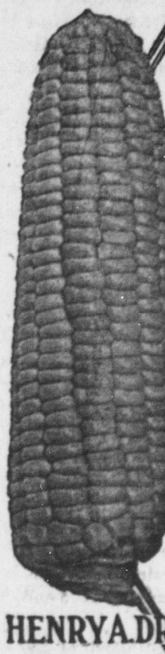

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A delicious extra early variety which was for many years controlled by a prominent gardener who furnished truck to the aristocrats of Newport, R. I. Ears of large size with broad grains that allow of easy scoring with a knife when eaten off the cob. Liberal packet—10 cts., postpaid.

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makes gardening easy for amateurs. Hundreds of cultural notes by experts. 288 pages, colored plates and duotone plates. Lists practically everything worth growing in Vegetables, Flowers and Plants.

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SEVEN BARKS

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DYSPEPSIA and all STOMACH TROUBLES.

Seven Barks, which is the extract of Roots and Herbs, will make your food digest, banish Headaches, regulate your Liver and Kidneys, give you new life, and keep you well. Price 50 cts. a bottle at all druggists or from the proprietor,

Lyman Brown, 68 Murray St., New York City.

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Is carrying a sufficient amoun o really protect your property for after a fire one can only accept the result.

Better see to it that you are fully insured and in a company celebrated for prompt payment of losses; a good reliable company the only kind represented by us.

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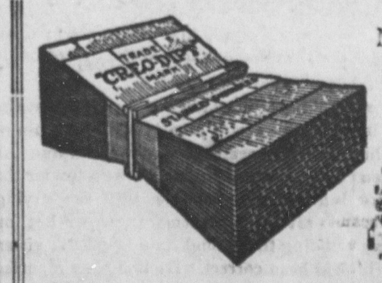

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P. B. CRIDER & SON

Here and There.

Miss Mary Lee of Clearfield recently donated $5,000 to the hospital of that place.

Ira Houck and Karl Fry, of Warriors-Mark, have enlisted in Troop L, of Bellefonte.

See us for clothing—our prices for men's suits begin at $10 and end at $17. Cohen & Co.

Miss Ellen Hayes, daughter of the late Dr. R. G. H. Hayes, left Saturday morning for Albany, N. Y.

George T. Bush, who had been spending a week in Pittsburgh, returned to Bellefonte Saturday afternoon.

Misses Marie Doll and Gertrude Crawford left Bellefonte Tuesday afternoon for Williamsport to visit friends and relatives.

Mrs. Hurley, wife of ex-Sheriff W. E. Hurley, of Bellefonte, has been confined to bed with neuritis but is somewhat improved now.

Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Kaup, of Bellefonte, had as Sunday visitors, their son Fred Kaup, Mr. and Mrs. John Owens and Mr. and Mrs. Edward Brubaker, of Altoona.

Doyle Eberhart, son of Harry Eberhart, who had been spending his vacation in Bellefonte, left Saturday morning for New York City, where he is employed.

W. S. Mallalieu, local manager of the Bell Telephone exchange, with his family, left Saturday afternoon for Williamsport to spend Sunday with his father and friends.

Sunday evening Mrs. John Larimer, of Bellefonte, had another sinking spell and it was thought that the end was near. She, however, rallied and is gradually improving.

Misses Ruth and Louise Seymore, who had been spending several weeks in Bellefonte as guests of the Misses Noonan, left for their home in New York City Saturday afternoon.

One of the pleasing things about the Bellefonte Chautauqua that just closed was to see Mrs. A. J. Cook at some of the entertainments. She had been confined a long time to her home on Linn street and her appearance at this time was gratifying to her hosts of friends.

Miss Bertha Moerschbacher, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Moerschbacher, of Bellefonte, underwent an operation Tuesday morning in the local hospital for appendicitis. The young lady was in good physical condition and the operation was a success.

Dr. W. K. McKinney, pastor of the Presbyterian church, left Monday for Newark, N. J., for the purpose of returning Tuesday accompanied by Dr. R. T. Graham and wife, Mrs. McKinney's parents, and Miss Lillian Graham, their daughter, who will spend part of their vacation here.

"Pud" Seidal, who has been having charge of Seanor's cigar store, under the Bellefonte First National bank for several weeks, has been occupying his spare moments in completing a musical cigarette box which will be the latest thing on the market. Every time a young man takes a cigarette out it plays, "Nearer My God To Thee."

William Earl Gladstone Taylor, of Bellefonte, and Thomas Weber of State College, went to Williamsport Monday morning where they took an examination for the Officers Reserve Crops. Earl was anxious to take the training the boys are now receiving at State College but he arrived from Akron, Ohio, just six days behind time and so had to wait for the present opportunity.

"Dave" Washburn of Bellefonte has the foundation almost completed for a bungalow which be located on the corner of Curtin and Armor streets, which is an excellent location. The building will be but one story, having a large hall running through the centre. On one side will be the living apartments and on the other side will be located the bath room and bed rooms. It will be complete in every detail.

Saturday Mr. and Mrs. Charles Morris of Bellefonte received a letter from their son Elliott, better known to his friends here as "Budd." He is in Paris, France, waiting and training for the event when he and others will ascend in the air and by the aid of an aeroplane make it hot for the Kaiser. He says he is in the best of health and notes that Paris is a beautiful city. He thinks it will be only a short time until Uncle Sam's boys' will be in the thickest of the fray.

M. I. Gardner, book-keeper for the Hyde Iron Co., of Hyde City, near Clearfield, and his son, Harold, of Altoona, were over Sunday visitors in Bellefonte. Mr. Gardner says that the works over there are now running on charcoal bar iron. They took the entire output at Curtin's works and of other charcoal furnaces in the State. Monday Mr. and Mrs. Gardner shipped their household goods to Clearfield where they intend to permanently reside, as they have purchased a nice dwelling at that place. Their intentions may be good but you have often heard of chickens coming home to roost. However, their friends here wish for them unbounded success. Mrs. Gardner was born and raised in Bellefonte while Mitchell had been a resident of the town for thirty years or more.

"Dave" Washburn, of Bellefonte, spent Sunday in Danville.

Shoes for the entire family at prices that are within the reach of everyone. Cohen & Co.

Mrs. John J. Irvin, of Altoona, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Robert Irvin, on north Spring street.

Harry Fitzgerald and family, of Columbus, Ohio, are guests at the William Fitzgerald home on south Spring street.

Mrs. John D. Miller, of Hublersburg, spent Chautauqua week in Bellefonte as the guest of Mrs. M. H. Haines, on east Curtin street.

Mr. and Mrs. James Nolan and daughter, of Washington, D. C., arrived in Bellefonte last Friday, and will spend some time here. They are stopping at the Brockerhoff House.

James A. Decker, a well known resident of Pine Grove Mills for many years, was taken seriously ill last Sunday and his condition is such as to occasion the greatest anxiety among the family and friends.

Wilbur Saxon left Bellefonte Monday morning for Beaverdale to work for the Hyde-Murphy Co. For twelve years he had been a member of the national guard in Bellefonte and never flunked from duty.

Mr. and Mrs. M. R. Johnson and daughter Bella, and Miss Josie Decker, also Register Frank Sasserman, motored to Pittsburg last week where they spent several days in attendance upon the national convention of the Loyal Order of Moose.

Dr. C. A. VanValin, of Unionville, on the 6th of this month passed the 22 anniversay of his relation to the dental fraternity of Bellefonte. He has been a successful practitioner and a man highly respected by not only the members of the profession but the public in general.

Wednesday, August 8th, St. John's Reformed congregation and Sunday school of Bellefonte will picnic at Hecla park It is a great place to go this kind of weather and therefore there is expected a large turn out. Trains will leave at 7 and 10 a. m., returning at 5 and 9 p. m.

Postmaster Robert Gilliland, of Snow Shoe, passed through Bellefonte Saturday on a business trip to Lock Haven. He is one of the prominent citizens of the enterprising little borough on the top of the Alleghenies. He has been kept so busy that this was his first trip to Bellefonte in two years.

A letter received here from Harrison Kline, son of Henry Kline, proprietor of the Haag Hotel, and who recently enlisted in the navy, states that while traveling through Georgia a few days ago the train in which he happened to be was wrecked and several persons were killed. Harrison was among the fortunate and escaped without injury.

It is reported that James F. Pletcher, P. R. R. ticket agent at Clearfield, will succeed George L. McCullough as freight agent for the same company at that place. Mr. Pletcher is quite well known in Bellefonte as at one time he was one of Harry Hutchinson's assistants in the P. R. R. ticket office at this place. He is a deserving young man and will fill the bill.

Harold Pennington, (colored) who is employed at Youngstown, Ohio, arrived in Bellefonte on Friday and stayed over night and left Saturday morning. On his arm was a piece of muslin on which was printed the word "Enlisted" showing that he was there before the draft came along. He belongs to the 9th. Penna. Cavalry and is going to do his part to "clip the Kaiser's wings." He is a Bellefonte boy and we are proud of that fact

Saturday Cyrus Weaver, of Harrisburg, arrived in Bellefonte and became the guest of his sisters, Misses Ida, Carrie and Belle Weaver, on east Howard street. He was accompanied by his daughter, Mrs. Emory Wolf, and her husband. Mr. Weaver at one time was proprietor of the cigar store under the First National bank and erected the house in which Squire Kline Woodring now resides on east Howard street, and where Mrs. Wolf was born.

Monday morning Frank McCrina, an employe of Harry Ruhl the barber, left for Williamsport for the purpose of joining the Navy. He tried it once before but on account of having varicose veins he was rejected. Upon the advice of the examining officer he put himself under the care of a physician in the Williamsport hospital and he was relieved of the trouble and went back to try it over again. A young man with a determination like that ought to make one of Uncle Sam's best men.

Monday morning while standing at the depot we saw "Jake" Snyder, of Snow Shoe Intersection get off the train. At first we thought that we were under the influence of some one who was trying his art of legerdemain on us but on looking the second time found our vision had been correct. He had been reported dead so often that it was no wonder that a fellow got twisted just a bit. While he had been at death's door several times he is now a very live corpse and is again helping along as a clerk in the P. R. R. freight station and is gradually getting stronger which is good news to his friends. All the time he had been sick the Pennsylvania Railroad Co. never deducted a penny from his salary. Who says that corporation has no soul?

Philip D. Waddle, who had been visiting friends in this vicinity for several weeks, left Wednesday afternoon for New Kensington.

Mrs. Wilson R. Taylor, of Philadelphia, and Mrs. J. F. Roger, of Savannah, Ga., are visiting their sisters, the Misses Anna and Eva Powers, on east Lamb street.

Frederick Butts and wife, of Pittsburgh, who had been calling on their friends in Bellefonte, left Wednesday afternoon. Fred is a son of the late David Butts.

H. W. Bickle, assistant in the Bellefonte Y. M. C. A. and two sons left Wednesday for Southerland Florida, where they expect to make their future home. The climate of the north is not suited to Mr. Bickle's health and so he is going to try the south.

It was hotter than--goose fat on Wednesday and Mrs. John P. Harris, took pity on the soldier boys at the armory and sent them a goodly portion of lemonade. It was very thoughtful on the part of Mrs. Harris and was greatly appreciated by the boys.

Harris Olewine and bride reached Bellefonte Friday evening and remained over night with his mother, Mrs. John Olewine. After attending to some business at State College they again departed in an automobile for a tour through the New England States.

Mrs. Archibald Allison, of Bellefonte, is so ill at her home on north Allegheny street that her relatives and friends are experiencing the greatest anxiety about her condition. It is a general nervous breakdown and it is difficult to tell just what the outcome might be.

At Altoona, Jacob Brooks, a southern negro, is in jail, and may stay there for a year under the tramp act, because he ate two hams and was too ill to work thereafter. He lost his job with the Pennsylvania railroad as a laborer, and then tried to live off the country.

James Bilger, of Pleasant Gap, was engaged in running a tractor at the penitentiary on Saturday and in some way was unfortunate enough to have his right side injured. He was taken to the Bellefonte hospital where an operation was performed and he is now getting along all right.

Today (Thursday) Mrs. Elizabeth Olewine entertained a party of friends from Lemont and State College together with Rev. Robert Reed and wife, the latter being a sister of Mrs. Olewine. From here Rev. Reed and wife will leave for DuBois to visit friends of Dr. Reed. From there they will go to their home at Champaign, Ill.

Miss Minnie Kline, of Centre Mills, was in Bellefonte, this week and spent a few moments in our office. She was on her way from New York State where she had been conducting religious meetings. She is a very intelligent woman and is doing much good in her line of work. She expects leaving again in a few days.

Monday morning Roy Yarnell, son of Sheriff George Yarnell, and his mother took Mary Bumgardner, of Snow Shoe Intersection, to Darlingtong, who was sent there by the juvenile court. Roy and his mother spent Monday night with Ward Yarnell, another son of the Sheriff, who is making good in Chester. They returned home Tuesday afternoon.

Alexander Morrison, Jr., is in Bellefonte in the interest of the Morrison movement for bettering the condition of the colored people of America. They have their headquarters in Philipsburg, this county, and are endeavoring to build a shoe factory for the employment of colored people who desire to work but who are prohibited from working with white people in the same kind of a manufacturing establishment.

John Blanchard, one of the leading lawyers of the Centre county bar, was a caller at this office on Tuesday afternoon and helped to do his bit to keep the wolf from the door. He is one of the conscientious lawyers who places honor before getting money that is tainted. He is one of the men in the profession who stands for right under all circumstances and that's the kind the world needs just now. We know he would shoulder a gun if he thought Uncle Sam needed him.

Within the last few days the thermometer has been working over time and if it gets any hotter we should think it would burst. In several sections here and vicinity it registered 100 to 118 in the shade That is going some and that is the reason the men working in the quarries belonging to the American Lime & Stone Co. stopped work. Paul Stover, the mason, who was working at the lime kilns on the old Humes farm, near Coleville, just keeled over Tuesday and had to be taken to his home on Penn street in an automobile. Joseph Charles, of Millesburg, who works for the same company, was almost stricken blind.

Clearfield to Have State Convention.

Beginning September 12th, and continuing three days the state council of the Junior Order United American Mechanics will be held in Clearfield. At least six hundred delegates attend these state conventions.

Clearfield should show these delegates a good time. No better way to advertise the city favorably abroad.

Read The Republican $1.50 a year in advance.

The Bellefonte Academy.

James R. Hughes, Charles Hughes and Arthur Sloop, of the Bellefonte Academy, are now putting in their time securing students for the next term of school. In a recent issue of the Bradford Evening Star and Daily Record the following comment appeared :

"Prof. James R. Hughes, headmaster of the century-old Bellefonte Academy, at Bellefonte, Pa., has been visiting old friends in Bradford recently and incidentally looking up new students for the coming year. Forster Cooper, of Kennedy street, was a student at this school during the past year and is loud in his praises of the privileges he enjoyed and expects to enjoy again this year at Bellefonte. E. E. Lindemuth, of the First National bank, had a son educated at this historic institution and speaks in very complimentary terms of the school. This is the 112th year of the existence of this school, and it has outlived 49 other academies that started with it in the beginning of 1800—a record to be proud of. The peculiar policy in vogue which accounts for the remarkable record of the Academy, is the small class, personal attention system which involves a faculty of eleven expert teachers for 100 select young men from 15 years of age and upwards.

The school will admit no more than 100 boys, but at a very large expenditure of money a beautiful plant with the most modern equipment has been established to guarantee success and happiness for every student. Four buildings, the suite room system, two gymnasiums, a 70-foot swimming pool and a fine 8 acre athletic field are among the attractive features of the Bellefonte school.

Vanderbilts Going to War.

At least two members of the Vanderbilt family will be among the fighting forces of the United States in France. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., son of Colonel Cornelius Vanderbilt, is in command of the 22nd New York Engineers, and has enlisted as a private in the national guard and with his father will see active service abroad.

Epidemic in Germany.

A fearful epidemic of cholera has broken out in the German Empire. The disease is raging in many of the large cities. Everything known to medical science is being brought into action in order to check further spreading of the disease.

New Art Pictures of
WAR PRESIDENTS

Washington, Lincoln, Wilson: allied flags and latest official version of "Star Spangled Banner." Beautiful 5 color design for window display or framing. Postpaid for 10 cents.

U. S. FLAG SEALS

The correct patriotic emblem for your stationery, packages &c. Officially approved.

50	Flags	for	10	cents
200	"	"	30	"
500	"	"	50	"
1000	"	"	80	"

W. H. Keen Company
1 No. Iowa Avenue Atlantic City, N. J.

Mules For Sale!

Always from 100 to 300 head of Horses and Mules of all description for sale at my stable in York, Pa.

JOE KINDIG

OSTEOPATHY
Dr. H. E. Thornley
(Formerly of Phila.)
Four-year graduate. Licensed and practicing in accordance with the laws of Pennsylvania.
Bellefonte, Mon. Wed. & Fri
State College, Tues. Thurs. Sat.

"No, Bob—you needn't give up school"

I knew I could count on you. Man to man, I will own that my sickness has been expensive. There hasn't been a cent coming in from the office, either. But, thank Providence, we haven't had to touch our bank account.

My ÆTNA DISABILITY POLICY is providing our meal ticket, son. $100 coming in regularly every four weeks—it would have been $150, if I'd been in the hospital. Later I can depend on $12.50 weekly while I'm stretching my legs outdoors, to get in proper shape.

Some time I want to tell you about this sensible way of protecting yourself. And if I know anything, you'll decide to

ÆTNA-IZE

as soon as you're old enough. It makes a fellow independent of friends, relatives and charity, when he's flat on his back. And a little thing—even a misstep—may lay you up. Then, if you marry, it's only a square deal—true sportsmanship—to give your wife this protection. Any man can afford it.

Interesting? Yes, it is. Next time you go by his office, suppose you drop in and get the whole story from your friend—

John F. Gray & Son
Bellefonte - Pa.

Cattle Pasture

The Lehigh Valley Coal Co. will open their 5000 acre range on Beech Creek, May 1st, 1917, under the management of a good competent person. Season from May 1st to October 15th.

TERMS: $1.50 per head per season.
PAYABLE IN ADVANCE

Cattle received only on Wednesdays and Saturdays.

Persons desiring to pasture cattle should make application by letter or telephone to the
LEHIGH VALLEY COAL CO.
Snow Shoe, Pa.

Excursion to Atlantic City Cancelled

On account of the equipment being required for Governmental business and regular travel, the Excursion to Atlantic City advertised for August 5 has been cancelled.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

Gifts For Soldiers

Gifts that will not only carry an expression of friendship, but be of actual service to the soldier.

Bachelor Buttons	Belts
Bathrobes	Puttees
Breeches	Service Shirts
Handkerchiefs	Flannel Shirts
Hats (Service)	Service Uniforms $11
Underwear	Pajamas (Flannel)
Watches	Sweaters
Wrist Watches	Trench Mirrors (metal)
Radiolite Watches.	Towels
Stockings, Wool	Black Neckties

Montgomery & Co.
BELLEFONTE - - STATE COLLEGE